

No. 73
Sept.
'62

MAD

IND

OUR PRICE
25c
CHEAP

WARNING!

DO NOT LOOK AT THE BACK COVER OF THIS MAGAZINE!



PHOTOS BY LESTER KRAUSS

Two of the biggest "pitchers" in the N.Y. Yonkle's outfield, Roger Morris and Mickey Mendle are both TEA men. Last year, they belted 61 and 54 "plugs" respectively, for a total of $742,000—more than they made playing ball.

Why these sluggers belt every pitch with TEA, the "pot" refresher



"After a rough weekend of playing night and day in Chicago—or L.A.—and we've run a little short of cash . . . there's nothing like TEA for a quick refresher!" says Mickey Mendle.

"Yeah!" says Roger Morris. "The TEA men drop a few grand in our "pot" and we swear we drink any brand beer, or soda, or coffee, or booze . . ."

"We'd even swear we drink Gillette Razor Blades!" adds Mickey, "Just as long as they give us money!"

So if you're a big name Sports Star—or even just a Coach—you can make a big bundle with TEA, the "pot" refresher. As all our satisfied clients say: *Take TEA—You'll See—Do-Re-Mi!*

"Yeah!" says Roger, reflectively.

Roger and Mickey receive their latest pay-off from Sam Klotz, their T.E.A. *(Testimonial & Endorsement Agency)* representative.

"What pitch is this one for?" says Rog, "The cereal I don't eat, or the cigars I don't smoke?"

"What do you care?" says Mickey. "Shut up and count your money!"

"Yeah!" says Rog reflectively.

T.E.A.

TESTIMONIAL & ENDORSEMENT AGENCY

THE "POT" REFRESHER

T.E.A. COUNSELORS OF THE U.S.A., INC., AN EXTRA-PROFIT ORGANIZATION

NUMBER 73 SEPTEMBER 1962

MAD

"People go on vacation to forget things . . . and when they open their bags, they remember what they forgot!" —Alfred E. Neuman

PUBLISHER: William M. Gaines **EDITOR:** Albert B. Feldstein

ART DIRECTOR: John Putnam **PRODUCTION:** Leonard Brenner
EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES: Jerry De Fuccio, Nick Meglin
LAWSUITS: Martin J. Scheiman **PUBLICITY:** Larry Gore, Richard Bernstein
SUBSCRIPTIONS: Gloria Orlando, Celia Morelli, Alan Eliot
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS:
The Usual Gang of Idiots

DEPARTMENTS

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VITAL FEATURES



The "bunch" on this show stick so close, they inspired the title of **MAD**'s version of this "Togetherness Western with A-Peel."



To errant drivers, these "Road Signs" in the language of the region could be the punctuations that come before the sentences.



Doctors have been looking at Don Martin for years. Now he reverses the practice, and the practice of medicine suffers reverses.



MAD creates some modern "Fairy Tales" that are so fantastic, they make the "Once Upon a Time" kind look real in comparison.



MAD does a stake-out on the Underworld's official magazine. Slink down to a newsdealer, and get your copy . . . before he opens.



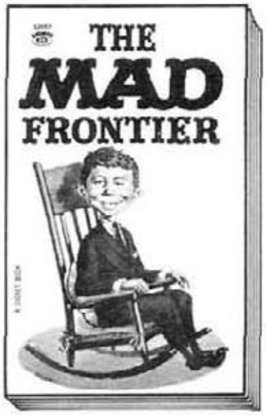
A look at how it would be if products only worked under the same conditions as those present in their idiotic TV demonstrations.



Everybody is entitled to a Summer Vacation, except the guy responsible for this article. Looks like he was on it at the time.



While the Aviation Co's are working to conquer "Outer Space," the Food Packing Co's are working to confuse "Inner Space."



IS A "BOONE" TO AMERICA'S "VAST WASTELANDS"

... blazing through the overgrowth of bad TV.
... tanning the hides of Hollywood's wild life.
... revenging the atrocities of Mad. Ave. scalpers.

FORTIFY YOURSELF TODAY!

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use coupon or duplicate

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850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

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☐ **MAD** Strikes Back	☐ 75¢ for 2
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☐ Fighting **MAD**	☐ $3.85 for 11
and if you're really loaded	☐ $4.20 for 12
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ABSOLUTELY NO CHARGE!



Yep, some people get absolutely **no** charge out of a full-color portrait of *Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid*. However, if you do get a laugh every time you see his grinning face, you may want a copy of it for your very own. Just mail 25¢ to: MAD, Dept. "What—Color?", 850 Third Avenue, New York 22, N.Y.

LETTERS DEPT.



TARGET COVER

The cover of your latest issue is a great target. I shot ten times and got a score of zero. You just can't keep from hitting that stupid face in the middle.

Charles Sebree, Jr.
Louisville, Ky.



Congratulations on the design for the cover of the June issue. By the time I was through shooting at the target, the magazine was torn to shreds, and I didn't have to read the usual garbage.

Roy Ola
Arcadia, Fla.

MAD SCRAMBLE

Of course MAD Magazine cannot influence the cosmos—but when you realize that other galaxies are rushing away from Earth at the rate of thirty-eight thousand miles a second, it makes you wonder.

Ricky Boothe
Los Angeles, Calif.

A MAD GUIDE TO RUSSIA

PRO

Congratulations! Your article in the June issue of MAD, "A MAD Guide To Russia" was a brilliant piece of satire. A superb job!

Allan Ritter
Sioux Falls College, S. D.

I have just read your "MAD Guide To Russia" and feel I must congratulate you on your excellent work. Ordinarily, you have many fine articles, but you really out-did yourselves on this one. The article was quite timely, and for the most part, tragically true.

Robert J. Yankow
New York City

An avid reader of your magazine, I naturally want to introduce MAD to as many people as possible. My teacher caught me with the June issue (No. 71) and he started to read it. After reading the "Guide To Russia," he suggested that everyone get a copy of MAD and read the article. Then he gave me the mag back.

Harry Sand
Landisville, N. J.

I think your magazine is WONDERFUL! Your article on Russia showed what a farce communism is. This great article should be distributed in countries all over the world.

Alan Aaron Wolfe
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Your recent article, "A MAD Guide To Russia" was very impressive, and very true. It may open the eyes of many people to the fact that they should be glad they live in the United States, even if it is a little MAD.

Mrs. Betty Blyler
Lewisburg, Pa.

Kudos to MAD on "A MAD Guide To Russia" in your June issue. Even the most serious newspaper or magazine could not have treated the subject with such intentness of purpose. A real evaluation of the Soviet system.

Larry Bortstein
Bronx, N. Y.

HAVE YOU READ THE LATEST HEAD LINES?

MAINLY, THESE RIDICULOUS LINES THAT TRY TO GET YOU TO ORDER A



I enclose
$ ___ for:

☐ 5½" Bust(s) @ $2.00 ea.

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(NO ORDERS SHIPPED OUTSIDE THE U.S.A.)

A MAD GUIDE TO RUSSIA

CON

Your pathetic attempt at humor ("A MAD Guide To Russia," #71) in the form of crude covert propaganda is in rather poor taste and would amuse none but the indoctrinated moron. The American public is constantly bombarded by anti-Russian propaganda from our domestic "Super-Patriots." Your article ran like a chapter from the John Birch Society's *Bluebook*—and that certainly isn't funny.

Russ Windman
Los Angeles, Calif.

I feel that you owe your readers an apology. You stopped your search for truth, and instead wrote lies which you knew would find favor because they are much nicer than truth. You assumed that your readers, predominantly intellectuals, are unable to defend democracy on its own merits. Democracy is based on truth; dictatorship is based on falsehood. You have lowered yourself to lying, seeking some petty dictatorship over the minds of your readers. The only term for this is "yellow journalism." It is the coward's way out.

Allan Coleman
New York City

I found your "satire" on Russia to be in very poor taste. Although the article was not meant to be taken seriously, and although there may be some truth in it, I feel that such a generally distorted picture of the Soviet Union can only foster stereotypes and add nothing to our understanding of the U.S.S.R. Rather than lampooning a facet of our society, you merely follow the typical "line" presented by the American press.

Robert N. Coats
Palo Alto, Calif.

This is to inform you that I wish my subscription to end immediately. This rather drastic step is the result of your anti-Marxist, anti-progressive polemics; culminating in your "guide" to the Soviet Union. If anyone ever, perhaps, thought MAD was "soft" on communism—well, the slur of June (#71) should convince them that your heart and hands are in the right place; i.e., the pockets of the workers.

Edward H. Clark, Jr.
Fern Creek, Ky.

MAD CUSTOMERS

I am in the process of starting a mental hospital, but I am having trouble finding prospective patients. Would you please send me your subscription list?

Bill Burychka
Baton Rouge, La.

Sorry, it's not available. How about the list of people who write ridiculous "Letters to the Editor"?—Ed.

GAMBLING

I appreciated your article on "Gambling" in the latest issue. MAD articles have a refreshing habit of poking fun at institutions and morals in such a way that, although we laugh, we laugh because we know it is true. I only hope that people, instead of laughing and then shrugging it off, will be challenged to do something about our nation's moral standards.

Richard Peirce
Wheaton College, Ill.

HOT STUFF

All my life I have eat chili, beans, frijoles and tamales wrapped in old newspapers. Yesterday, they have come wrapped in cover from MAD Magazine. Today, I have ulcer.

Pedro Gonzales '62
New Mexico State U., N. M.

FREE PUBLICITY (HONEST)

I see by the article about MAD in "Newsweek" that you are ten years old. Happy birthday, and continued success in the future.

Kenneth Portnoy
Brighton, Mass.

Last night, David Susskind showed MAD Magazine as an example of satire on "Open End."

Phil Goldberg
Bronx, N. Y.

I see you gave "The Diners' Club" permission to reprint a MAD article in their magazine. That was a pretty sneaky way of getting out of paying your bill.

Al Rosen
Cederhurst, N. Y.

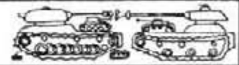
Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 73, 850 Third Avenue
New York City 22, N.Y.

Alfred's Poor ALMANAC

TUES 26 MAD #73 goes on sale. Teachers riot on 92 college campuses.


WED 27 Golf Champ Enos Rifkin beans caddy with golfball, arrested for reckless driving, 1946.


THURS 28 Two Hawks attack three Falcons outside Cheyenne, resulting in 5-car smash-up, 1959.


FRI 29 NATO holds first meeting before "Pact House," 1949.


SAT 30 Pacific Ocean discovered by the D.A.R., 1947.


WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

JULY

SUN 1 "Cigarette-smoking cab driver often possesses smoker's hack!"


MON 2 Due to unpaid taxes, Italian officials put lien on Tower of Pisa, 1902.


TUES 3 Sigmund Romberg composes his "Drinking Song"—using diminished fifths, 1924.


WED 4 Independence Day. American Airlines celebrates by announcing special rates on flights to Reno.


THURS 5 Chess champion Boris Mugnofsky begins working knight shift, 1946.


FRI 6 Bursting water pipe floods Havana, 1898. Drowning citizens scream "Remember the Main!"


SAT 7 Mao Tse-Tung selects Korean invasion force, picking 75,000 from Column A, 125,000 from Column B, 1951.

SUN 8 "Gold-digging woman is often attracted to a magnate!"


MON 9 Siamese twin Max Calish sues brother for Separation, 1923.


TUES 10 Smithsonian Institute unveils life-size replica of Elvis Presley's pelvis, 1958.


WED 11 Son of millionaire Vance Fernleaf, trapped in crowded elevator, becomes first compressed heir, 1923.

THURS 12 Mrs. Sheila Elkblight reports her husband to Postmaster as "Obscene Male," 1961.


FRI 13 Milton Ferquahr invents striped mouthwash, 1956.


SAT 14 Bastille Day. Wear your "I Like Robespierre" buttons today.

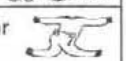

SUN 15 "Countries with an overpopulation problem often lose control of their census!"


MON 16 Ludlow Gumbah develops first practical home air-conditioner, receives threatening fan mail, 1931.


TUES 17 No one gets sore at cold pizza and warm beer served them at "Society of Pacifists" annual picnic, 1951.

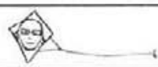

WED 18 Chief Rain-In-The-Ear loses airliner seat when he fails to confirm reservation, 1956.


THURS 19 Giant electronic brain at M.I.T. belches twice after being fed formula for Neuman's Law of Relativity, 1961.

FRI 20 President of strike-torn Scranton Underwear Co. rejects Union suit, 1939.


SAT 21 Russian spy steals formula for Neuman's Law of Relativity, giving U.S. new hope in space race, 1961.

SUN 22 "Man who crashes rowboat into rocks often ends up fracturing his scull!"


MON 23 Benjamin Franklin experiments with kite, gets carried away, 1752.


TUES 24 Dr. Seymour Dwork receives Pulitzer Prize for his book on smoking: "The Topic of Cancer," 1958.

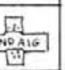

WED 25 Bart Renfrew devises "Amazon Roulette"—a swimming pool stocked with 5 minnows and a piranha, 1960.

THURS 26 Dr. Hyman Dwork receives Pulitzer Prize for his book on alcoholism: "Lady Chatterly's Liver," 1959.


FRI 27 Sen. Wayne Morse filibusters 47 hours over status of Mickey Bitsko, 1957.


SAT 28 Mrs. Selma Dwork receives Pulitzer Prize for her book on medical men: "My Sons, The Doctor Brothers," 1960.

SUN 29 Antique collector, Fenwick Mainspring recovers prized Louis XVI chair, picks an atrocious yellow chintz, 1911.

MON 30 Sonny Tufts fights with Turhan Bey in Times Square. No one bothers to watch, 1961.


TUES 31 Atmospheric testing of crossbow results in first disarmament talks, Geneva, 1341.

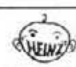

AUGUST

WED 1 Printer confuses "Playboy" with "National Geographic," resulting in exciting new kind of fold-out map, 1957.

THURS 2 Spaniards test-sail new fleet, find they get 15 miles to the galleon, 1556.


FRI 3 Printer confuses "MAD" with "Congressional Record," resulting in exciting new kind of lawsuit, 1957.

SAT 4 Contortionist Emile Furd files for unemployment, claiming he can no longer make his ends meet, 1953.

SUN 5 Baby born with 57 teeth in his mouth. Mother names him Charlton Heston, 1924.


MON 6 AT&T tycoon Omar Coombs accuses wife of infidelity, loses suit when she reverses the charges, 1940.

TUES 7 Anka Sanka composes "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella," drowns from laughing during rainstorm same day, 1921.

WED 8 MAD #73 goes off sale. 92 colleges regain their faculties.


Several years ago, a Magazine Editor (who was probably separated from his wife) coined the word, "togetherness." And it took the country by storm. We were bombarded with messages of "togetherness" by magazines, newspapers, skywriting, and even deodorant commercials. Now, thanks to television, the ultimate in "togetherness" has been achieved . . . The Family Western. Gone are the gunfights and the killing and the brutality. Instead, we're getting love and romance and even compatible color—in . . .

BANANAZ

The "Family Togetherness" Western



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITERS: EARLE DOUD WITH LOU SILVERSTONE



**LOUIS ARMSTRONG was born in SATCH, MO.


If you fellows can forget about girls for a minute—Sam Loco's comin' this way, an' he's plannin' to shoot up the town!
Sheriff, the first thing we gotta do is make sure all the women are in a safe place. Send 'em all out to the Pawnderosa!
You an' Ox an' Yves round 'em up, Paw! I'll take care of Sam Loco!
Everybody in this town is a yellow, chicken-livered, sissified fink!
It's a good thing for you that I'm from OUT of town!
Ah hates COMMUTERS, too! I'll give you jus' three t' draw!!!
One . . . two . . .
GHAAAACKKK!!
Shucks, Paw! That was a dirty trick! The leas' you could have done was waited till I drew my gun!
Like I always say, Short Mort: "The family that plays tricks together, sticks together!"
I'll never forget Turner Cartwheel at our high school graduation . . . decked out in that beat up leather jacket, with that phony spray-on grey hair, spouting that corny wisdom! Well, he's got a money belt that won't quit, and that's what we're after! Now here's the plan . . .
I wrote him you were coming! He's got three eager sons who get engaged at least once a week! Well, this is your week! I'll stay out of sight when we pull in. Remember, they like sweet, pure, unassuming and wholesome girls! So, whatever you do, don't be YOURSELF!
Okay, Maw! Now shut up, an' deal!
You must be the Cartwheels! Ah'm Lily Blossomflower's daughter . . . an' ah'm sweet, pure, unassuming, wholesome, an' downright hungry — seein' as how I ain't et in 3 days!
MICKEY BITSKO IS BACK! PROTEST MEETING TONIGHT
Lily's daughter! Of course! I plumb forgot about her letter! You must be little Primrose!
Dadgum-it, Paw, she's a humdinger! Ain't she, Yves? Ain't she, Short Mort? Dadgum-it, Miss Primrose, if you ain't the dadgumest li'l ol' piece of fluff I ever did see! Ain't she, Paw?

**JACK BENNY was born in ECONOMIC, CAL.





Gosh! It's so big! I can't get over the richness of it!
It is big! We call it the Pawnderosa, but folks 'round here have another name for it! What's the name they call it, Li'l Brother?
Texas!
Hey, fellas! We been in the house 8 minutes, an' we haven't even proposed to her! How 'bout it, Ma'am? Will you marry us?
Don't ya think it's kinda crowded—all five of us on this love seat . . .?
That's our togetherness, Ma'am! We jus' hang together like a bunch of BANANAZ!
Which is how we got the name for this stupid show!
MOM
Well, I've examined all your money belts carefully, and I've decided to marry your Daddy—'cause his is the lumpiest!
Gee! Jus' think, Li'l Brother! We can all go on a honeymoon together!
Now jus' one cotton-pickin' minute! I'll go on a honeymoon with your Daddy alone—jus' as long as it's not on the Pawnderosa!
But there ISN'T anyplace else!
Besides, Paw always says: "The family that honeymoons together, eats prunes together!"
That's lousy! It don't even make sense!
They can't all be gems!
Why you leavin'? All we're askin' you to do on your honeymoon is cook for us!
You're all sick! as far as I'm concerned—like my mother always says: "The family that's fed together can drop dead together!"
Well, it worked again, gang! We sure can scare 'em off!!
Pretty soon, not a gal in the whole country'll be botherin' us to get married!
An' that's what we've really wanted all the time—to be left alone out here with our money!
As I always say, Boys: "The family that gets ditched together . . . stays rich together!"
YVES
MORT
PAW
OX

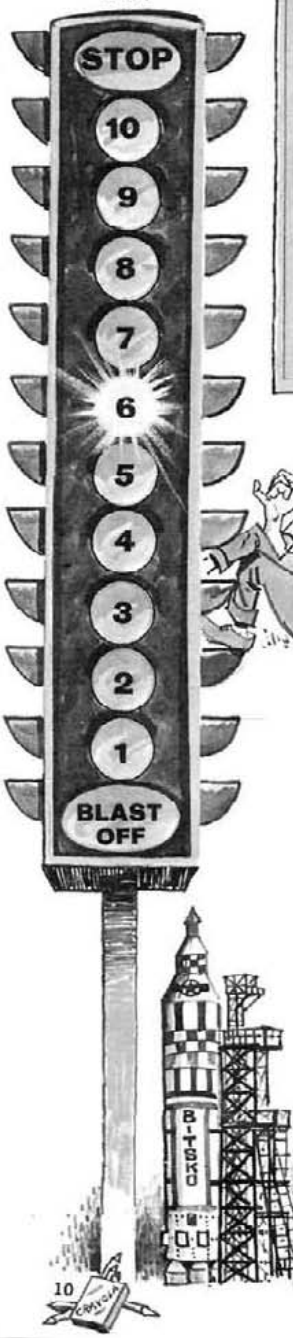
TALK OF THE TOWNS DEPT.

Half the fun of touring the country by car—aside from discovering where all the speeds traps are—is absorbing the local color of the various regions. We at MAD feel that the State and County Highway Depts. could make touring their areas even more enjoyable by adopting

ROAD

THAT REFLECT THE LA

Cape Canaveral, Fla.



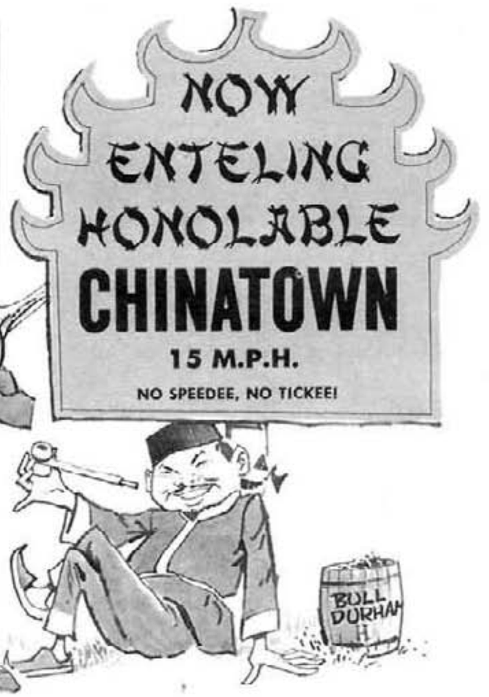
Newburgh, New York



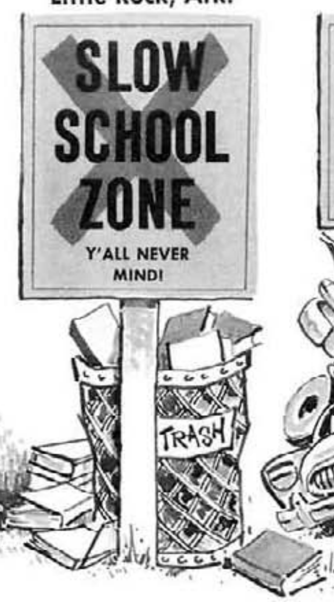
New Orleans, La.



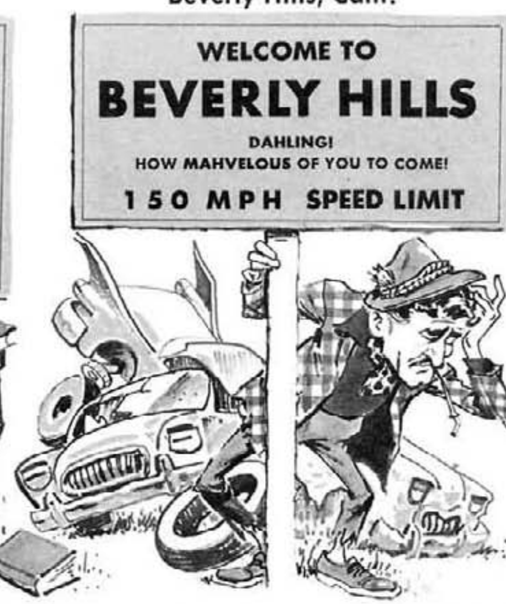
Chinatown, San Francisco, Cal.



Little Rock, Ark.



Beverly Hills, Calif.



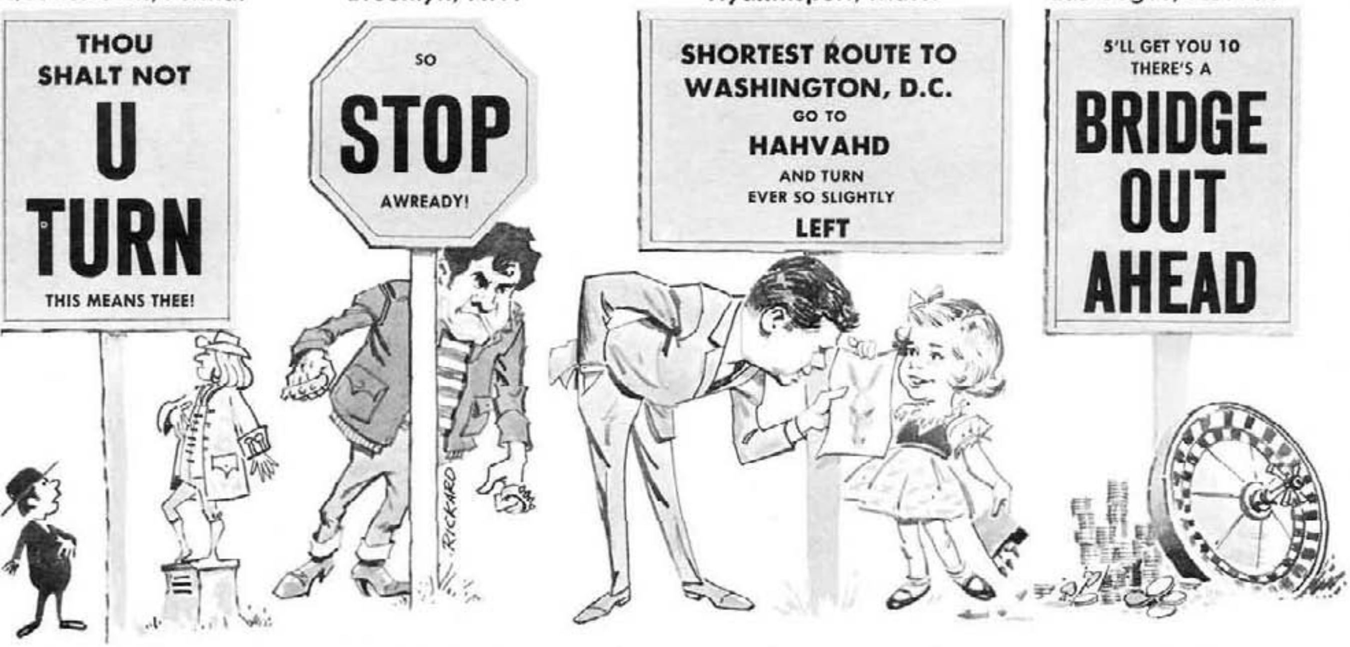
Miami, Fla.



SIGNS
NGUAGE OF THE REGION

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: PHIL HAHN

Quakertown, Penna. — Brooklyn, N.Y. — Hyannisport, Mass. — Las Vegas, Nevada



Santa Fe, New Mexico — Washington, D.C. — Milwaukee, Wisc. — Laredo, Texas





Hollywood, Calif.
COMING SOON!
A DARING SUSPENSEFUL SPECTACULAR
NARROW BRIDGE
THREE YEARS IN THE MAKING
A COST OF THOUSANDS
DON'T MISS IT!
Phoenix, Arizona
Goldwater Highway
KEEP
TO THE EXTREME
RIGHT
LIBERAL DISCOUNTS AT GOLDWATER'S DEPT. STORE
West Point, N.Y.
HALT
TWO . . . THREE!
Gettysburg, Penna.
SPEED LIMIT
FOUR SCORE AND SEVEN
Greenwich Village, N.Y.C.
CUT OUT
COOL IT
Fire Island, N.Y.
THOFT THOULDER
Madison Avenue, N.Y.C.
DEAD END
(STREET-WISE!)
Y&R
JWT
DOYLE DANE BERNBACH
BBDO
OGILVY BENSON MATHER
Independence, Missouri
NO
$ % & ! & # * !
PASSING
Boston, Mass.
SHURE AND BEGORRAH, THIS IS A
NO PARKING ZONE
SO DON'T BE AFTER LEAVIN' YER CAR HERE—UNLESS, OF COURSE, YE'VE PAID OFF SGT. O'TOOLE AN ALL THE FOINE LADS OF THE
10th PRECINCT
101 MacNAMARA STREET
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
(NO CHECKS, PLEASE!)

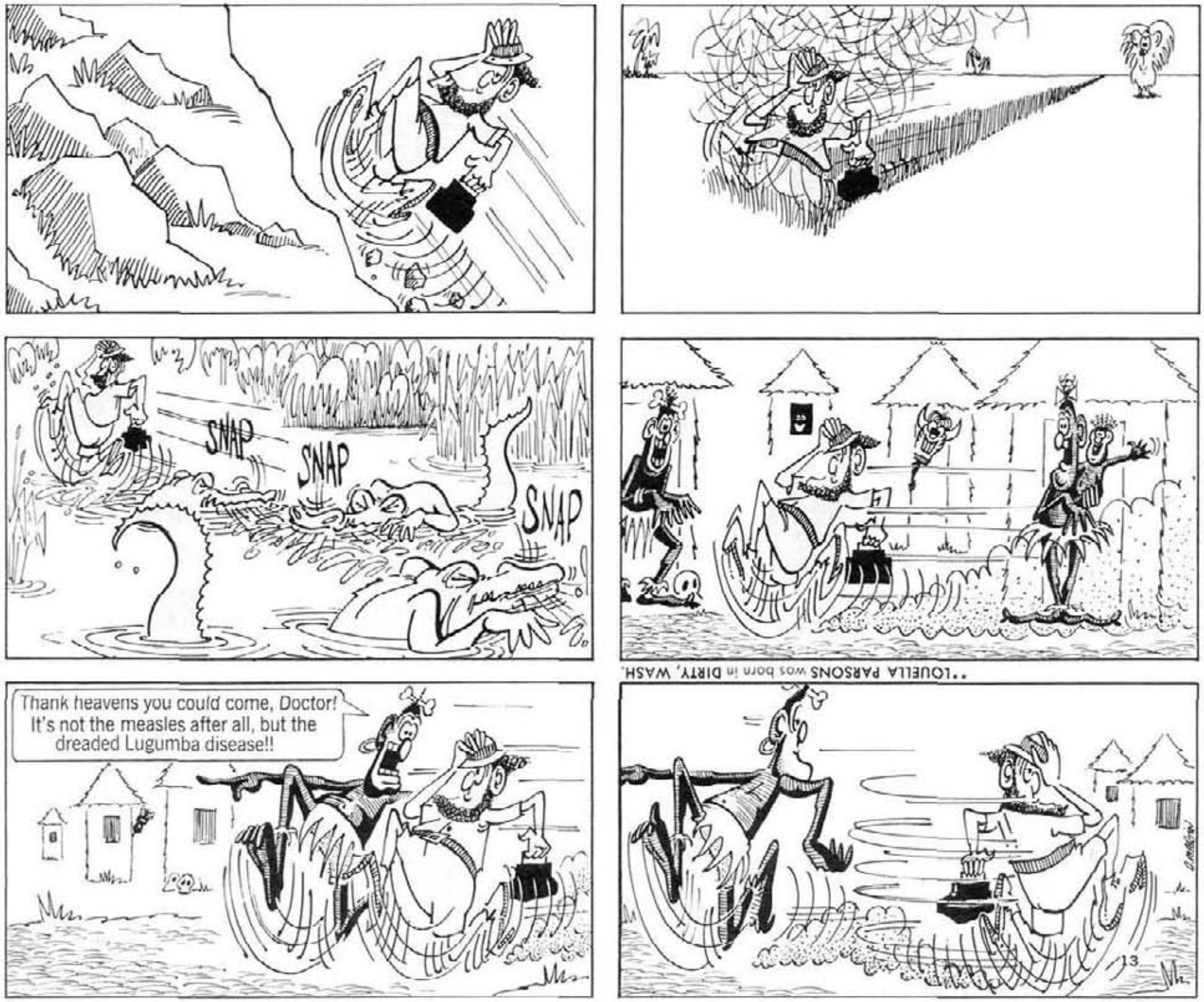
With this article, MAD's maddest artist turns the tables on the Medical Profession. For years, doctors have been looking at him. But now . . .



DON MARTIN Looks At DOCTORS

First, a salute to those dedicated men who serve mankind in remote outposts of the world. Like—

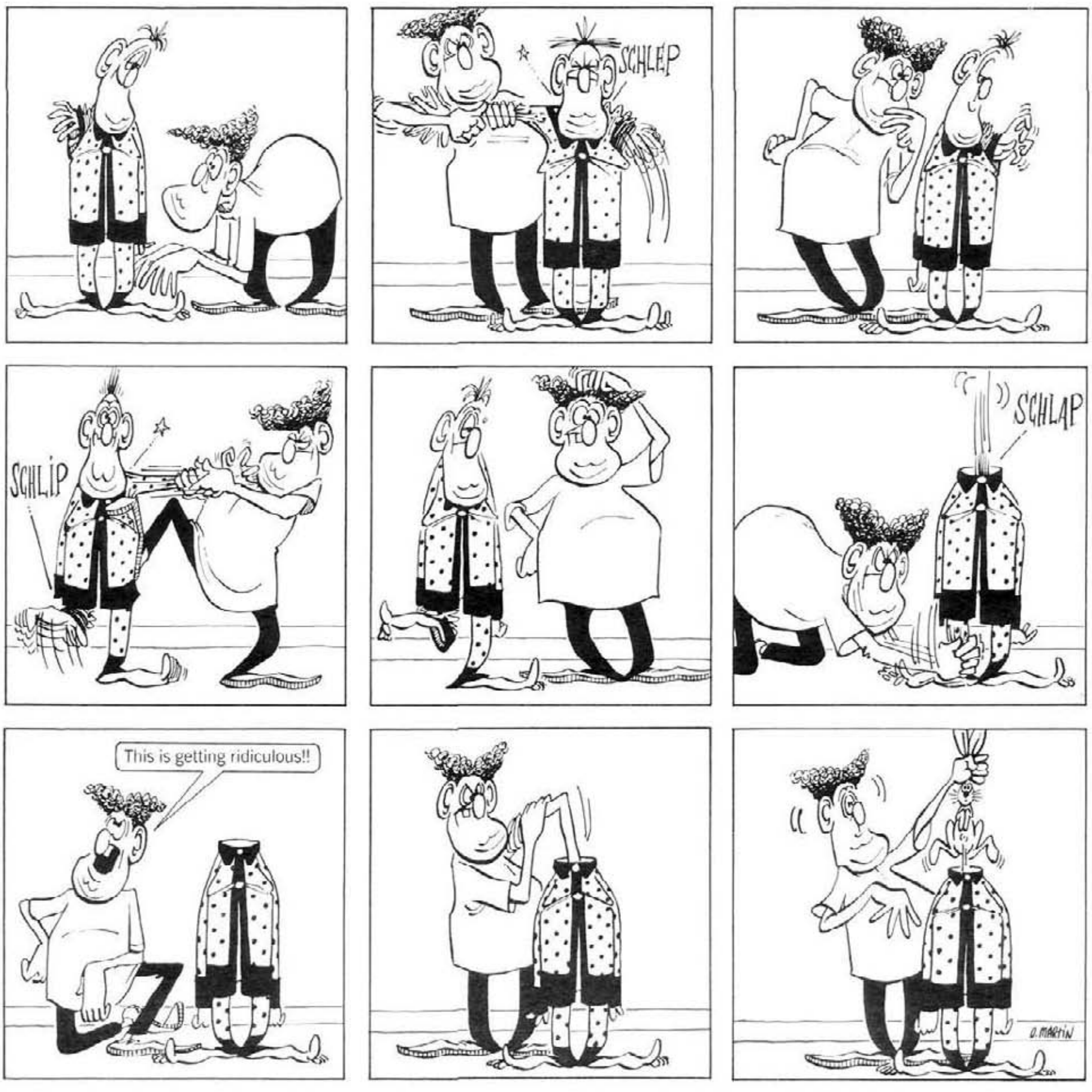
The Good Doctor In Africa



Now, a look at the General Practitioner in his most familiar role . . . making . . .

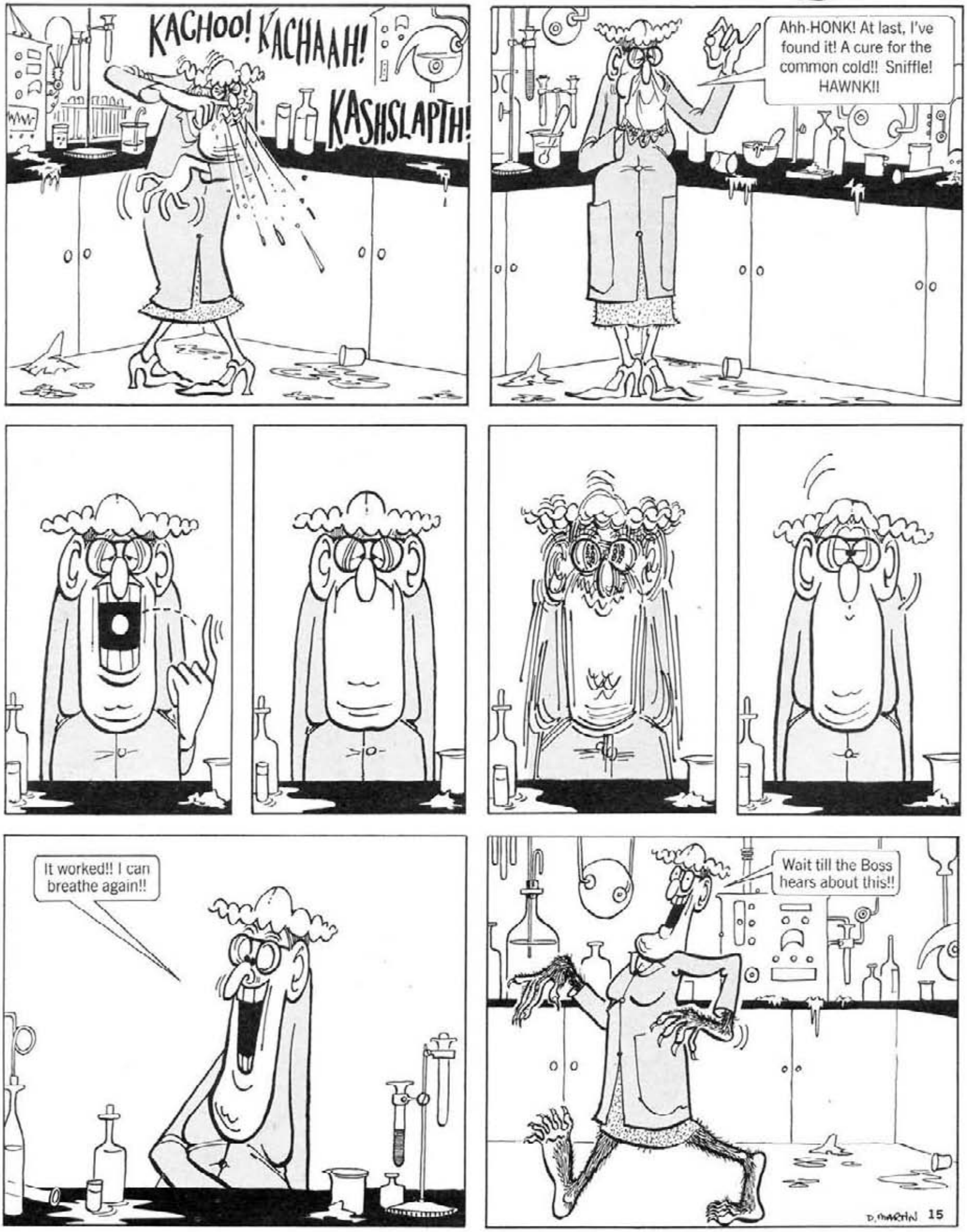
THE HOUSE CALL





Next, a salute to those dedicated men and women who spend their lives doing Medical Research—

In The Laboratory



**BOBBY DARIN was born in LOOKA, ME.

Animals, too, need care and attention. Here is a tribute to the thankless, never-ending job of

THE VETERINARIAN

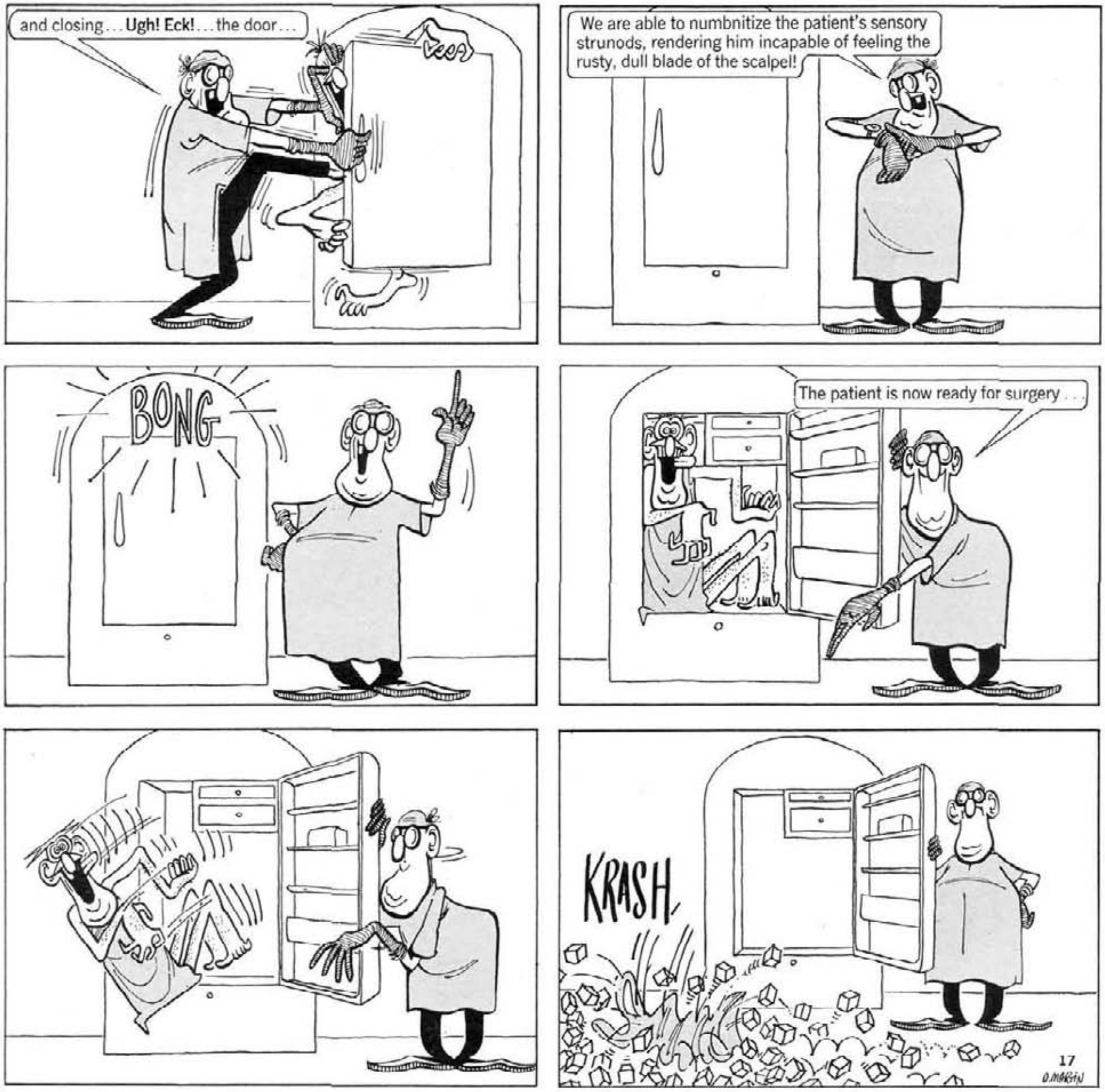


** LIBERACE was born in TRALLA, LA.

And last but not least, a nod to our dedicated Medical Specialists—like f'rinstance . . .

THE ANESTHETIST





GRIMM REALITY DEPT.

Many educators and child psychologists theorize that the old traditional "Fairy Tales" are bad for children because they are peopled with dragons, ogres, wicked stepmothers, witches, and other strange creatures who freely indulge in murder, mayhem, and other forms of anti-social behavior. All this, the authorities contend, has a very harmful effect on young, impressionable minds. Well, we at MAD are not in a position to weigh the merits of these claims. But even if they are true, we still feel that kids need a certain amount of pure fantasy and escapism in their reading diets. So we herewith offer a selection of stories that lack the gore and violence of the old-time "Fairy Tales", but are, in themselves, even more fantastic than any that came out of the Old World. Here, then, is

THE MAD BOOK OF "MODERN" FAIRY TALES

(THAT ARE EVEN MORE FANTASTIC THAN OLD-TIME FAIRY TALES!)



ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: DON REILLY

**WALTER WINCHELL was born in POISON, PENN.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 1

THE ATHLETE

Once upon a time, there was a young lad who loved to play baseball. Because he was strong of arm, and fleet of foot, a Scout from the Big Leagues journeyed to the young man's village, and suggested that he come to the Big City to exhibit his skill.

"If you perform well," the Scout promised, "you will receive much gold, and a contract to play in the greatest arenas in the nation."

The young man loved baseball above all else, and so he set out for the Big City. He played so well, the Scout's employers offered him many thousands of pieces of gold if he would sign their contract.

"I have no need for gold!" the young man laughed. "I play baseball because it is the thing I love best! Just give me food and a bed and I will play for you!"

During his first season, the young man proved skillful beyond his employers' wildest dreams. So many times did he deal the ball a mighty blow that all the merchants in the land came to pay him homage, and offered him great sums of money if he would endorse their wares. But he spurned their gold and flattery.

"How could I swear that I use all these products, when in truth I do not?" he asked.



The merchants were dumbfounded, and went away, muttering dark oaths. And the young man continued to play for twenty seasons, spurning mountains of gold, happy to be doing it just for the fun of it.

And when it came time for him to retire, he went back to the little village from whence he came. And he never opened a Bowling Alley, or a Restaurant, or a Bar and Grill, or a Clothing Store! He spent his remaining days in peace and contentment, caring for his aged mother, and instructing the young men of his village in the game he loved so well.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 2

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Once upon a time, there was a high-ranking American General who had many thousands of soldiers under his command. Some of these soldiers were called "Reserves," which meant that they were not professional soldiers, but ordinary citizens who had been drafted into the Army to maintain America's strength. This meant that they had to leave their families and jobs to go to far-off camps. But they never complained, and were happy to be there!



Every now and then, the General would call his troops together and talk to them about patriotism. He would tell them that they were fortunate to live in a land of freedom where every citizen, even soldiers, had the right to vote as he pleased. He also told his men that in such a land, Generals and other officers must always obey unquestioningly the orders of the civilian government chosen by the people. In this way, the armed forces would never be used to capture the government and rule the people, as sometimes happened in other less-fortunate lands.

After many years of service, when it came time for the General to retire, he called the newspaper reporters around him. He told them that he was happy to be entering civilian life, that he had no plans to write his memoirs, that he was not interested in going into politics, and that he had turned down all offers to be President of companies selling arms to the government.

"What then will you do?" wondered the reporters.

The General smiled and said, "All I want to do is go fishing!"

And do you know what?...He did just that!

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 3

THE DISC JOCKEY

Once upon a time, there was a disc jockey who had thousands of teenage fans who listened to his program faithfully, and purchased all the records they heard on his show.

One day, a record manufacturer came to the disc jockey, and with a sinister smile, pulled a bag of gold from his coat and told the young man it would be his if he would play the manfacturer's records.

The disc jockey was aghast at the scheme. "Not only will I *not* accept your filthy gold," he screamed in righteous anger, "but I will report you to the FCC! And I will warn my fellow disc jockeys, all of whom would be so angry, they would tear you limb from limb if you ever dared approach them with such a contemptible proposition!"



The record manufacturer fled the radio station, and the disc jockey went on playing only the records he thought were good and fine and worthy of attention.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 4

THE BUSINESS TYCOON

Once upon a time, there was a tycoon who had built a vast empire of shoe factories single-handedly. As might be expected, the tycoon had great pride in his accomplishments. He loved to look out the window at his factory, puff on a big cigar, and murmur, "I built all this with my own brains and sweat! It's mine—all mine!"



One day, the head of a large labor union came to the tycoon and announced that he was going to sign up all the workers and take them out on strike until the tycoon doubled their wages, cut their work-week in half, and granted them 30-days paid vacation a year.

The shoe tycoon was so surprised he *could hardly speak.* "Why I had no idea my employees were dissatisfied!" he said. "If that's what they want, that's what they will have!"

The labor leader offered a contract and pen, and when the tycoon had signed, made for the door in great haste. "Wait . . . !" called the tycoon after him. "Are you sure 30 days vacation will be enough?"

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 5

THE LOYAL ALUMNUS

Once there was a wealthy and powerful merchant whose fondest dream was to send his son to his own dear Alma Mater, a college in Ivyland. So he contributed great sums to her fund drives, and even donated a building occasionally.

The merchant's son, it must be said, was not the brightest of lads. Yet he never worked to improve his poor school marks. It wasn't necessary, because he knew he would attend the college his father attended.

When the boy came of age, the father went to see the Dean of the old school to make arrangements for his son's admission. When the Dean examined the boy's High School record, he shook his head. "I'm afraid these grades will never do," he said. I suggest you abandon the idea of getting your son into this, or any other college. Perhaps he should take up a trade!"



"This is a great disappointment," the boy's father said to the Dean, "but I am sure that you, a scholar, know more of these things than I, a humble merchant. Thank you for your wise counsel!"

And the father left Ivyland and returned to his village saddened but still loyal to his old Alma Mater.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 6

THE SPONSOR

Once upon a time, there was a man who was head of a large corporation. One day, it occurred to him that his company ought to advertise on television. So he told his Advertising Agency to contact producers, and line up auditions.

First, the Agency suggested a "Game Show." Contestants would put on blindfolds and old-fashioned bathing suits, and while the band played and seconds ticked off on a big clock, they would dive for silver dollars in a big vat of molasses.

"Oh, heavens, no!" said the Sponsor. "That kind of TV is degrading, asinine, vulgar and idiotic! Show me something else!"



Next, the Agency showed him a pilot film for a new situation comedy series about a typical American family in which the Mother is a Director of a Railroad, the kids are wholesome and smart, the dog can do long division and recite Shakespeare, and the Father is a ticket-taker at Disneyland.

When the Sponsor saw the pilot film, he had to leave the projection room and throw up. "Unspeakably horrible!" was his only comment.

Finally, after the Sponsor had turned down everything they'd shown him, the Agency men gave up in disgust. "That's all we've got," they cried, "except some ridiculous drama by an unknown writer which has stuff in it that's guaranteed to make just about every pressure group in *the country boiling mad!*"

"Show it to me" said the Sponsor.

After reading the script, he liked it so much that he decided to put it on without a single change. The Agency men writhed in agony and declared that he would be run out of business for putting on such a hot potato.

"Nonsense!" said the Sponsor. "A little controversy will do the public a lot of good! What's more," he added, "I'm going to cut out all the commercial breaks so as not to distract the viewer from the important things this play has to say!"

And he did.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 7

THE GRATEFUL TAXPAYERS

There was once a time when the cost of running the country grew so large that the taxes paid by the people were not enough to pay for Defense and Social Security and all the other things a country must have. So the National Debt mounted and mounted.

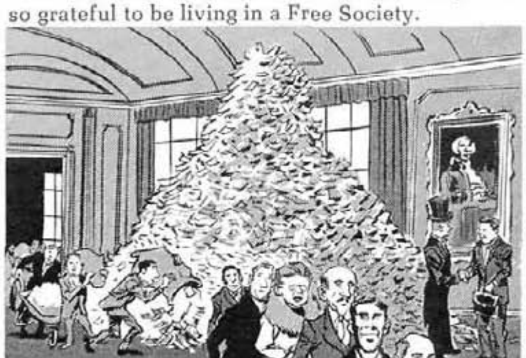
"This is terrible!" cried the Secretary of the Treasury. "Whatever are we to do?"

"Oh, dear!" cried the Senators and Congressmen.

"I know!" cried the President. "I will go on TV and explain to the people that we simply must have more money, or the country will stop running, and the Ogre of the East will come and bury us!"

"Goody!" cried the Secretary of the Treasury. "Then we will ask everyone to check and see if there isn't some teentsy-weentsy little tax item they forgot to pay. If everyone sends in a little bit, the country will be safe again!"

Well, the people were so frightened and concerned by what the President told them that they sent in all the back taxes they owed—or had ever cheated the government out of! And some of them even sent in a little extra because they were so grateful to be living in a Free Society.



And when the President and the Secretary of the Treasury counted the money, they were flabbergasted! Because there was so much that the country was not only safe again, and the budget balanced again, but even the huge National Debt had been wiped out.

**GRACE KELLY was born in HERMADGE, S.D.

SPEAKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

You've all been waiting for a great break in the cold war. So while you're waiting, here's a swell time-killer! On these pages, MAD proudly presents a pre-publication glimpse of the hilarious new book, "Who's In Charge Here?" From the moment we picked this book up until we put it down, we couldn't help laughing. And some day, we hope to read it. As you will see from these choice samples, the author isn't afraid to call a spade a spade. Why should he be? He uses one for a living! While in the orient, Gerald Gardner learned the mystic power to look at a news photo and tell what the person in the picture was really saying. He can read the words and thoughts of Castro, de Gaulle,

Who's in charge here? BY







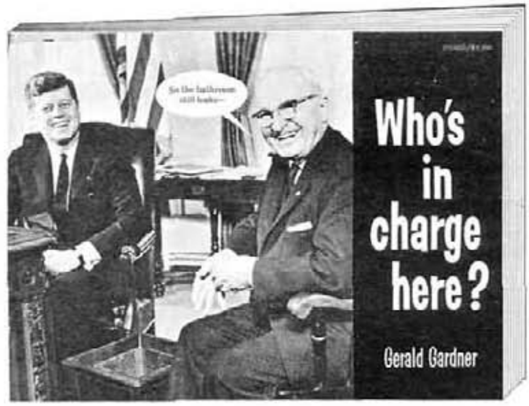


••TOMMY SANDS was born in CLANDEST, IND.

Kennedy, Khrushchev, Macmillan, Nehru and the rest of that crowd. In these perilous times, MAD feels that this is a book every man, woman and child in America can afford (at $1.00) to overlook! See for yourself—at non-discriminating retail stores everywhere—come July, when they'll be struggling to unload the huge shipments of . . .

Gerald Gardner

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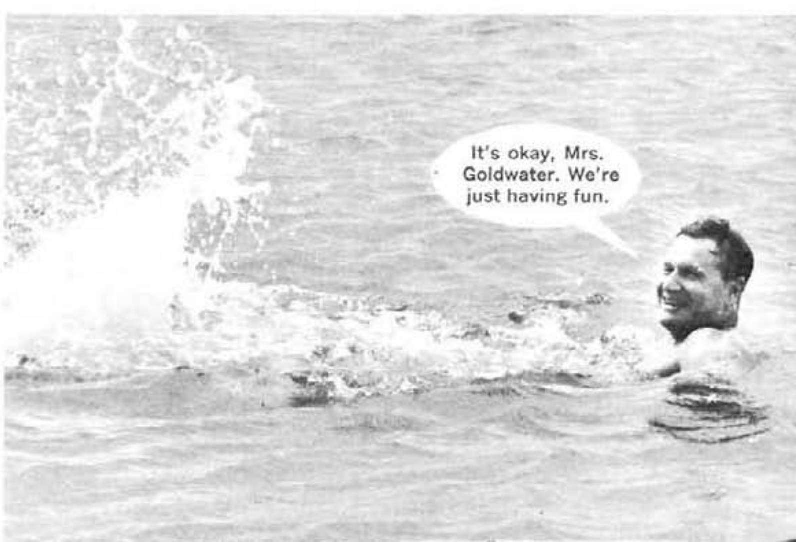


PHOTOS BY UPI AND WIDE WORLD









**RICHARD M. NIXON was born in NEARE, MISS.







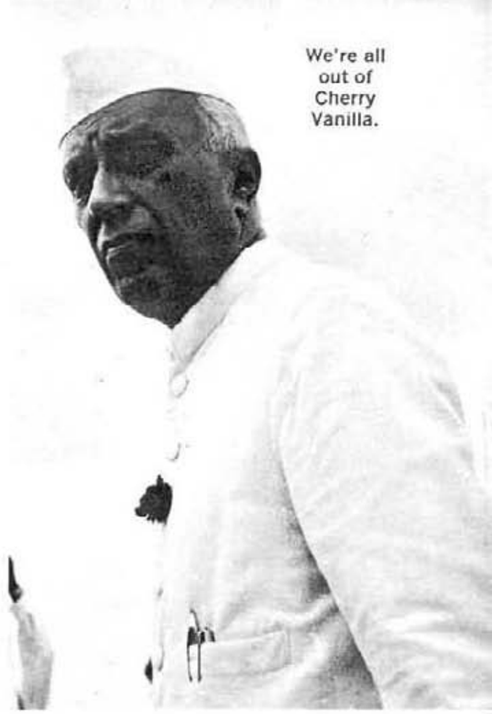
..EVERETT DIRKSEN & CHARLES HALLECK were born in REPUBLIC, KANS.



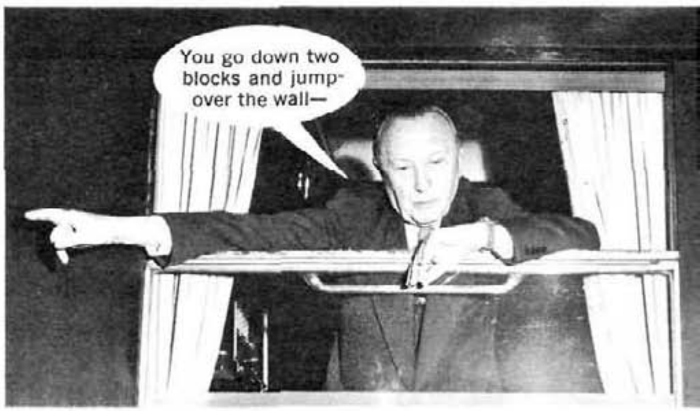












**VIKKI DOUGAN was born in POSTEERY, ORE.

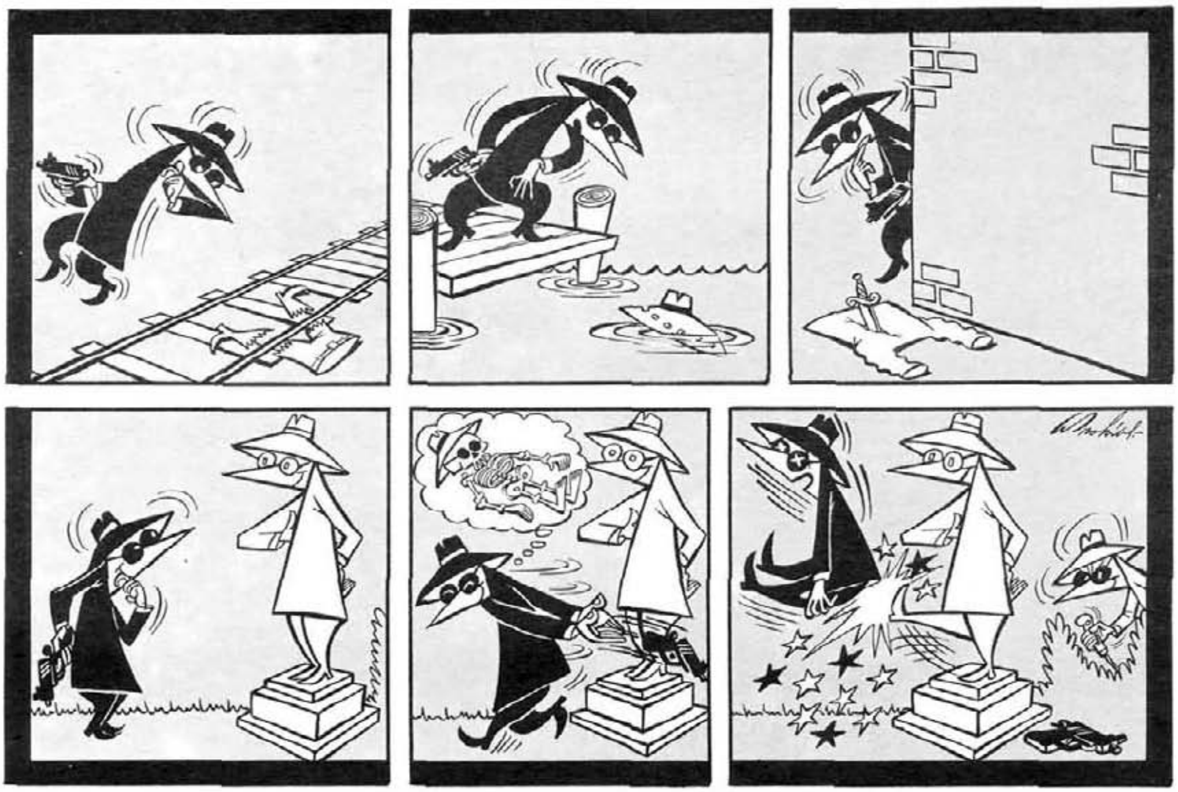




JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT PART I

Antonio Prohias, whose anti-Communist cartoons so angered Fidel Castro that he was forced to flee Cuba, brings us another installment of that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white—better known as . . .





..FREEMAN GOSDEN was born in AMOSAN, N.D.

LITTLE-READ WRITING HOODS DEPT.

Years ago, criminals were rugged individualists who committed their nefarious deeds independently of each other. Today, all that has changed. Today, if you want to hold up a gas station, you gotta get an "okay" from "The Syndicate." Because today, crime in America is organized. It's so organized, they even put out a magazine. No, it's not called "MAD"! In fact, if you read someday that MAD's offices were bombed, it's because we published this copy of . . .

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL



..LOUIS NIZER was born in HOWE, N.Y.

DEAR SYNDICATE

If any of you racketeer readers have a problem you would like solved, or a question you would like answered, send your inquiry to "Dear Syndicate," care of RACKETEER ILLUSTRATED, *41 Front Street, Apalachin, N. Y. All letters become the property of The Syndicate, and will be returned to the sender only if accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped concrete block. The editors reserve the right to edit each letter, meaning if they don't use bad English and foul language, we can always add some . . .*



Dear Syndicate:

As a racketeer of Italian extraction, I am very angry over the way they've been giving neutral names to mobsters on "The Untouchables" lately. I feel this practice will damage my reputation, and hurt the name I've been building up in my community. Is there anything I can do about this?

G.G.,
Cicero, Ill.

Why not write a letter of protest to the sponsor? As one crook to another, he would understand your feelings in this matter.

Dear Syndicate:

While I am not a racketeer, you may be able to help me. I am a landlord of one of those new apartment house monstrosities in New York City which has paper-thin walls, drafty windows, cracking ceilings, faulty heating and air conditioning, and apartments that rent for $150 a room. Naturally, I am ashamed to tell my children what I do for a living, so could you suggest a good business I can use for a front?

C.B.,
New York, N.Y.

How about Narcotics-Smuggling?

Dear Syndicate:

I've just graduated from law school, and I'm very anxious to become a defense lawyer for some decent, upstanding, law-breaking racketeer. I feel this is a good way for me to become rich and famous — or at the very worst, a judge—some day. Can you help me?

S.L.,
Brooklyn, N.Y.

We hear there's an opening for an attorney in Platoon 3, Company B, 2nd Battalion of Jimmy Hoffa's Lawyer Regiment.

Dear Syndicate:

I am a cleaning woman who works for the sloppiest Mafia chapter in the whole country. Every night when I clean up the office, all I see is broken pencils all around the conference table. Why do these guys always have to break pencils? How can I teach them to be less destructive?

B.G.,
Chicago, Ill.

Stop complaining and be thankful you *don't have to clean up the bottom of the* Chicago River.

Dear Syndicate:

For many years now, I have been a book maker. Because of this, the police chase me, and respectable people detest me. I'd like to go legit for a while. Any suggestions?

A.K.,
Jersey City, N.J.

Do exactly as you've been doing, only have your clients bet on corporations instead of on horses. You'll then be known as a stock broker, and respectable people will love you.

Dear Syndicate:

After you've arrived at the place in the country where you plan to bump off the squealer, is it etiquette for the victim to get out of the car first?

Z.Q.,
Detroit, Mich.

Definitely! Never bump off the victim in the car. It gets the upholstery all messy.

Dear Syndicate:

I am 14 years old. My parents want me to study medicine, but I would rather become a famous singer. If I do become a famous singer, I do not intend to be controlled by The Mob. I intend to keep every penny I earn from records, movies, television, and night club appearances for myself. What do you think I will be when I grow up?

P.R.,
Nashville, Tenn.

Dead!

Dear Syndicate:

As a successful bootlegger and blackmailer, I have decided to manufacture calendars as a legitimate business front. Would you please list the dates and names of all legal holidays so I can include them on the appropriate days on my calendars?

F.F.,
Tulsa, Oklahoma

January 19, Lucky Luciano Beat-His-First-Rap-Day; February 14, Anniversary of the famous Chicago St. Valentine's Day Garage Party; April 18, Anniversary of the discovery of the Cement Block; June 12, Anniversary of the outbreak of the Civil War between the North and the South Sides of Chicago; July 4, Independence Day (Anniversary of *Legs Diamond's First Parole*); August 31, Anniversary of the manufacture of the First Double-Breasted Pin-Stripe Suit; September 27, George Raft's Birthday; November 6, Winners of Syndicate Elections Announced; November 7, Syndicate Elections Held; November 8, Memorial Day for Syndicate Members who Voted Wrong.

Dear Syndicate:

I'd like very much to join that keen Mafia orginization I've been hearing so much about. Here are my qualifications: I am tall, blond, blue-eyed, and rather handsome; I have no visible scars; I have a great sense of humor; I like to talk a lot; and my family came over on The Mayflower. Is there anything else you'd like to know about me?

R.W.,
Concord, Mass.

How do you feel about taking a long car ride in the country?

Dear Syndicate:

I can remember several times in my illustrious career as a racketeer when I took the 5th Amendment at least 400 times in a single day. Yet, in your last issue, you saluted underworld boxing czar Blubber Grisch for taking the 5th Amendment 312 times on February 15th. What's so great about that?

J.P.,
Dayton, Ohio

Ordinarily, nothing. But on February 15th, Blubber Grisch wasn't in court. He was getting married, and he was speaking to the *Justice of the Peace*.

Dear Syndicate:

I have an I.Q. of 24. I don't talk gudd, I sorta dribble at the mouth, and I'm sore at the whole woild. I got a whole lot of hate in me, itchin' to be let loose. And I got no respect fer the laws of this country, neither. Cud I join the Los Angeles chapter of the Mafia?

B.M.
Los Angeles, Cal.

Sorry, but the Los Angeles Chapter of the Mafia is filled at present. Why not join the John Birch Society there while you're waiting for an opening?

Dear Syndicate:

As a racketeer and murderer who is also a devoted father of three children, I am very much concerned about the influence of current TV Programming on my youngsters. Is there anything I can do about it?

K.D.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Why not do what all conscientious Syndicate parents are doing? Write to FCC Commissioner Newton Minow and complain *that* there's not enough violence on TV.

PRIZE-WINNING FICTION

MONK MAZZOLA

Noble Protection-Racket Boss

by WILLIAM FINKNER

THE Attorney General of the United States sauntered into the little candy store in Chicago, and glanced around furtively.

"What can I do for you?", Mr. Sandusky, the owner, asked him.

"Nice little place you got here," the Attorney General sneered. "I'm sure you'd like to *keep* it nice!"

"What are you driving at?", Mr. Sandusky asked hotly.

"You look like a smart business man," the stranger smiled sarcastically, "I've got a business proposition I want to talk over with you. Perhaps you've heard of me? I'm the Attorney General of the United States!"

"I've heard of you," Mr. Sandusky snapped. "What's your proposition?"

"How would you like to stop paying protection money to Monk Mazzola and his men, and put the money into your own pocket instead?" the Attorney General growled. "That way, you can be happy again, and start living a comfortable, carefree life!"

"Look, mister," Sandusky hissed, summoning up all his courage. "I'm a decent, law-abiding, protection-paying citizen! You and your kind don't frighten me! Now get out of my store! You hear me! Out!"

"Have it your own way," the Attorney General said smoothly. "I'll go! But I'll be back! And when I am, you'll stop paying protection, and you'll keep your money, and you'll be able to buy things for your house and make your family happy —OR ELSE!"

"Get out of my store!" screamed Mr. Sandusky.

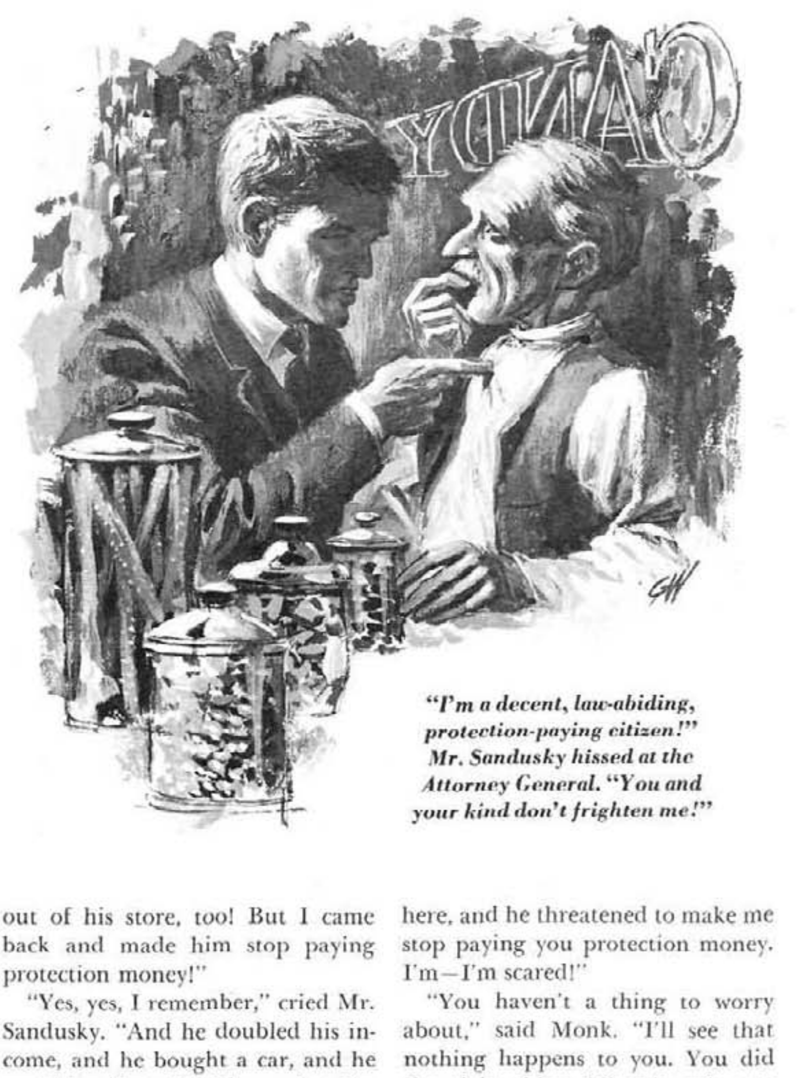
"I'm going," said the Attorney General. "But one word of warning. Remember what happened to Schultz, the Grocer! He threw me out of his store, too! But I came back and made him stop paying protection money!"

"Yes, yes, I remember," cried Mr. Sandusky. "And he doubled his income, and he bought a car, and he sent his wife to Florida . . . but I'm not Schultz! You can't frighten me with your threats! Get out!"

Twenty minutes later, Monk Mazzola arrived. "Hi, there, Mr. Sandusky!" The noble protection-racket boss smiled. "I got here as soon as I could!"

"Thank goodness you've come, Mr. Mazzola," sobbed Mr. Sandusky. "The Attorney General was here, and he threatened to make me stop paying you protection money. I'm—I'm scared!"

"You haven't a thing to worry about," said Monk. "I'll see that nothing happens to you. You did the right thing. There's only one way that decent, law-abiding, protection-paying citizens can put an end to interference from the Government. They have got to have the courage to speak out and tell us racketeers when they're in trouble. We can't do anything unless you cooperate with us. Now, let's see . . . for this week, you owe me the usual amount, plus fifty *(cont. on pg. 46)*



"I'm a decent, law-abiding, protection-paying citizen!" Mr. Sandusky hissed at the Attorney General. "You and your kind don't frighten me!"



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RATES: 50¢ per word, plus 50% kickback to us from proceeds of any successful extortion or blackmail caper appearing in this department.

HELP WANTED—MALE

FALL GUY, to take rap for busy racketeer. Guaranteed future, mainly about 99 years. Box 22.

WITNESS, to swear he saw well-known Syndicate boss sleeping in bed on Sept. 24, 1960, between 4 and 5 P.M. High Pay. Box 27.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE

PASTE-UP MAN, *for ransom* notes, experienced rough to finishes, knows layout, spelling. Box 29.

VICTIM, desires to be knocked off so family can collect insurance. Payment or profit share. Box 34.

PERSONALS

I am no longer responsible for any *debts incurred by my business partner*, Shermmy Vengula, because I just bumped him off. Ed. Mutz.

Georgie
Come home. All is forgiven. You didn't kill me after all. You just fractured my skull.
Vivian

WHO'S MAKING THE RACKETS?
Underworld News and Gangland Gossip

RACKTEERS ABOUT TOWN: Numbers king Otto Brisbane toasting extortionist Rhoda Ayers at the Copa . . . Bootlegger Gus Washauser hugging embezzler Fannie Garth at the Latin Quarter . . . Narcotics czar Tommy Kresh kissing gun moll Millie Godoy at Lindy's . . . Contractor Solly Chutzpah blasting stoolie Fink Faber on a lot in East New York.

* * * * *

Sonny Yergelmann, who has killed 102 people and smuggled 19 tons of narcotics into the country over the past 35 years, was picked up for jay-walking by an alert New York City policeman the other day. It's Sonny's first conviction . . . A cute little bundle of joy arrived at the Eddie Cambodia household last week. The cute little bundle of joy was Eddie's share of The Syndicate's off-track betting operation. Congrats, Eddie . . . Bozo Mucklucк threw a big party down his cellar the other A.M. The big party's name was Freddy "Fats" Mungo. Send flowers to Bunglo's Funeral Parlor . . . Selma and Gonza Megilla are phffft! Not divorced—just phffft! Eli Luma, young Mafia comer, efficiently handled the contract.

* * *

Jimmy Hoffa's lastest targets for unionization in his rapidly expanding Teamster's Union: the pretzel-bakers, the halvah-makers, the chicken-pluckers, the mah-jongg players, the House of Representatives, and all the eyeglasses wearers in Philadelphia, Pa. . . . The Syndicate has asked this column to express its deepest condolences to the widow and family of Police Commissioner Arnold Pruden, who passed away last week. To The Syndicate, Police Commissioner Pruden was always a conscientious citizen, a perfect gentleman, a swell guy, and a loyal and devoted employee.



Ground-breaking ceremony for The Syndicate's multi-million dollar gambling casino. The four Syndicate executives are: (left to right) Big Boris Veeley, Gutsy Dermier, Jo-Jo Valduzzi, and beloved Mayor George C. Calhoun. (Not shown in picture, but slated for interment in the foundation, is the late Martin Binderman, former owner of the property.

* * *

It looks as if this magazine's pressure campaign will pay off. General Motors has agreed to include the accessory we requested in all cars coming off the assembly line in 1963—a dynamite charge linked directly to the accelerator pedal. This should save The Syndicate many valuable man-hours in the future . . . Since it will be the 84th Anniversary of the death of Boss Tweed, our publication office will be closed Wednesday. *Leave all messages and bodies at the Chinese Laundry next door.*

* * *

It's a bouncing boy for juke-box king Frenchy Basiller and his wife, Tessie. It's also a bouncing check for Doctor Seymour Pferd, who delivered the kid.



Hats off to the Civic Association of Grosse Pointe, Michigan, for refusing to sell a recently vacated house to the 14 Jewish, 11 Negro, 8 Polish, 2 Indian and 9 other assorted undesirable families who applied . . . Best of luck to Vice Czar Murray Zeff on the purchase of his new house in Grosse Pointe, *Michigan . . . The Syndicate is dicker*ing with TV producers about buying up old tapes of "The Untouchables" and "Cain's Hundred" for showing during coming Mafia meetings. If the deal goes through, the endings of all the shows will be changed to happy ones.

HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO A BUDDY IN JAIL THIS WEEK?

HEY, GANG! SENATE RACKET INVESTIGATIONS ARE COMING UP AGAIN!

To help you brush up on the proper procedure you should follow, and the desired image you should project on that big day in the Committee Room, **RACKETEER ILLUSTRATED** has devised this little quiz. Examine the picture below carefully, and then decide . . .

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?



1. The racketeer is improperly groomed. His hair is cut too short, and it doesn't look greasy.
2. The racketeer is not wearing dark glasses.
3. The racketeer has no scars on his face.
4. The racketeer is wearing a light, checked suit, instead of the prescribed dark, dignified one.
5. The pockets of the racketeer's suit are too flat. They obviously are not bulging with money.
6. The racketeer is not wearing a Shriner hat, or some other symbol of community respectability.
7. The right pinky finger of the racketeer does not have a diamond ring, like his other nine fingers.
8. The racketeer has only one lawyer with him instead of the official Syndicate minimum of fourteen.
9. The racketeer is not whispering to his lawyer.
10. The racketeer's lawyer does not look as guilty as his client, the way he should.
11. The guard is looking at the racketeer with disgust instead of admiration as if he were a national hero.
12. The Senator questioning the racketeer is not looking nobly toward the TV cameras.
13. There are no papers on the desk for the racketeer to shuffle through while trying to remember the 4th word of his 5th Amendment speech.
14. The racketeer is saying "that" and "the" instead of "dat" and "duh." He is also saying "incriminate" instead of "incinerate."
15. The people responsible for the lack of sensible laws against racketeering in this country are not up there being questioned along with the racketeer.

DISHONEST!
RUTHLESS!
SNEAKY!

VOTE FOR

AL "LEFTY" VRINTZ

for

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

in next week's Syndicate elections



A VOTE FOR "LEFTY"... IS A VOTE FOR CORRUPTION!

A VOTE FOR "LEFTY"... IS A VOTE FOR BOSS-RULE!

A VOTE FOR "LEFTY"... IS A VOTE FOR UNLIMITED CRIME!

Cast Your Ballot For

AL "LEFTY" VRINTZ

(or else!)

"He Talks Your Kind Of Language!" (sort of a tough broken English)

THE SYNDICATE

Annual Financial Statement

Fiscal Year, May 1961 to April 1962

Gross Income Before Taxes
$9,435,502,892.34

Net Income After Taxes
$9,435,502,892.34

Obituary

DIED: Harvey *(Scar-Face)* Motly, 44, beloved Policy Slip Banker, of a brain hemorrhage brought about by the pressure of a bullet administered by a policeman.

DIED: Alvin *(Chicken)* Gumba, 56, revered Syndicate torpedo, of severe burns sustained while sitting in a chair at Sing Sing Prison.

DIED: Joe *(Schlemiel)* Brancato, 32, devoted gambler, of a sudden stroke suffered at a poker game, after being discovered holding a hand with five queens.

DIED: Jerry *(Fooch)* De Fuccio, 69, retired Syndicate Board Member, of natural causes. Mr. De Fuccio was to have testified before the Grand Jury in the morning.

WHAT'S THE USE? DEPT.

Television commercials seem to be getting away from the old, dull, dramatic pitches. Nowadays, there's a tendency toward new, dull, dramatic pitches. It's no longer enough for an announcer to show you a product and tell you what it does. *Today, in order to demonstrate the product, he* uses such things as elephants, skin divers, odor-detecting machines, outboard motors, sky-divers and like that. Which has us wondering. Mainly . . .

WHAT IF UNDER

SANDRAN FLOOR COVERING



••PINKY LEE was born in FORCOT, TENN.

THE REMINGTON LEKTRONIC SHAVER



PRODUCTS ONLY WORKED DEMONSTRATION CONDITIONS

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: EARLE DOUD







**ELSA MAXWELL was born in SHAPELESS, MASS.







THE TIMEX WATCH



A HERTZ RENT-A-CAR



**VIC TANNY was born in VITER, MINN.

THE PAPERMATE PEN





**OSCAR LEVANT was born in VERRY, ILL.



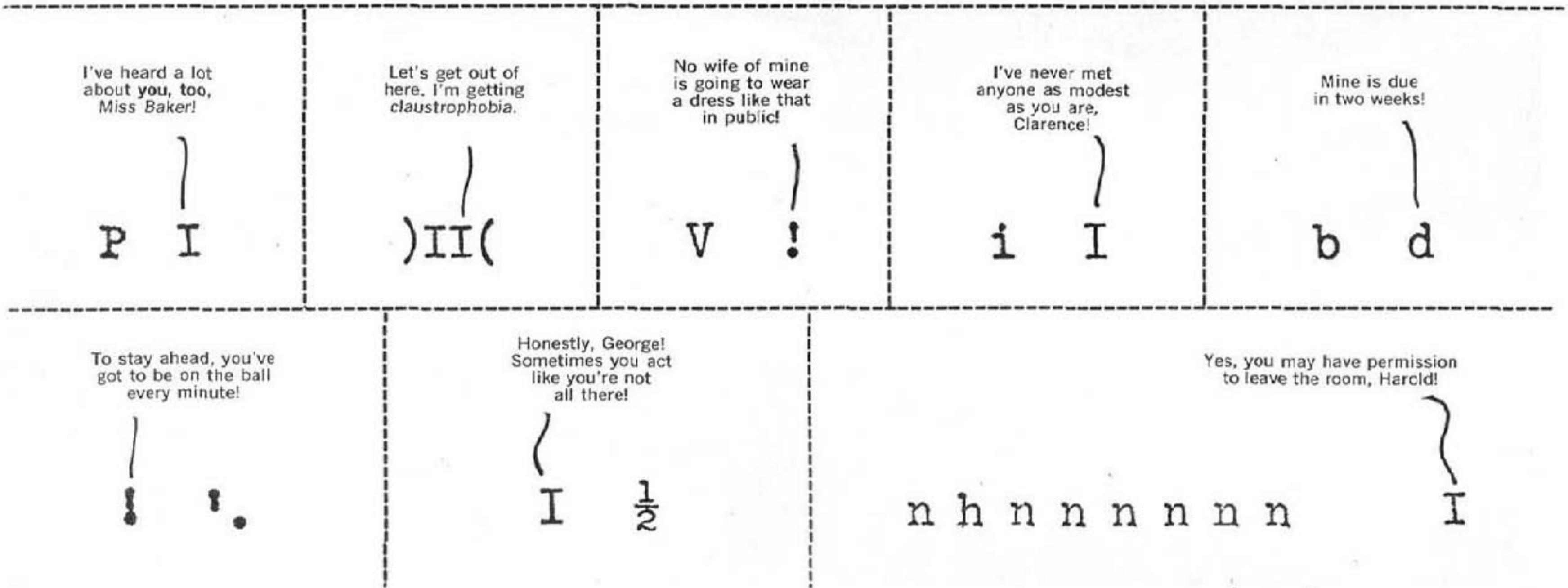
KIDDIN' ON THE KEYS DEPT.

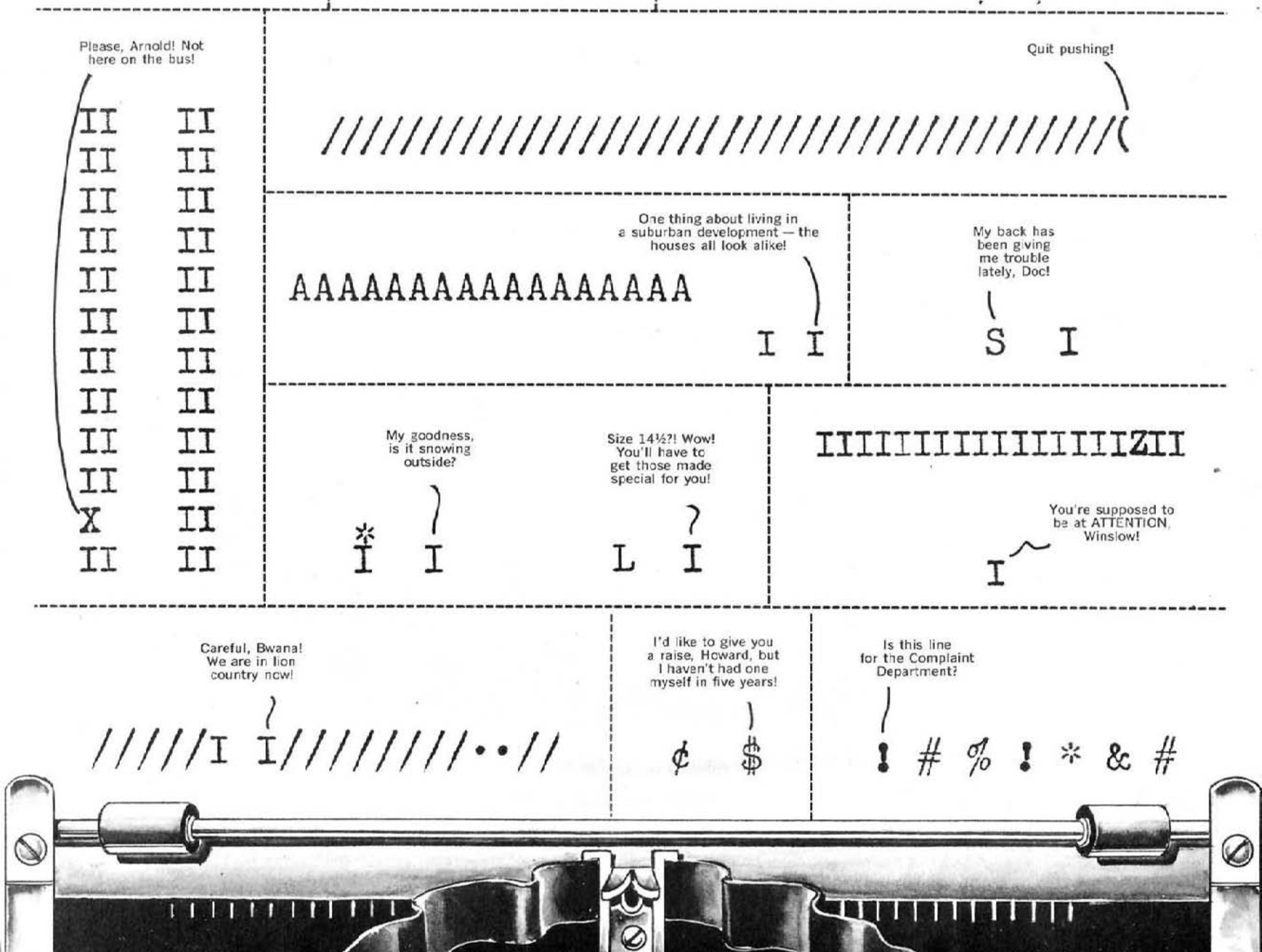
**TONY CURTIS was born in POPP, N.J.

A few issues back, we introduced a new game called "MAD Y'OX," in which you added a gag line to some X's and O's. It's been a while since that bomb, so we figure it's time for another. For this game, all you need is a typewriter and a sense of humor. Strike a couple of keys...add a gag line, and you're playing

Typewri-Toons

BY BETTE AND DEAN NORMAN ART BY ROYAL PORTABLE





Please, Arnold! Not here on the bus!
Quit pushing!
One thing about living in a suburban development — the houses all look alike!
My back has been giving me trouble lately, Doc!
My goodness, is it snowing outside?
Size 14½?! Wow! You'll have to get those made special for you!
You're supposed to be at ATTENTION, Winslow!
Careful, Bwana! We are in lion country now!
I'd like to give you a raise, Howard, but I haven't had one myself in five years!
Is this line for the Complaint Department?

TOO WEAK WITH PLAY DEPT.

Vacation time is here! That's when we force ourselves to take a rest from the past year's hard work—only to discover afterwards that we really need a rest from the rest we just took. Which is how you may feel after you've finished reading—

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SUM VAC





••FABIAN was born in NEVERON, KY.



MER
ATIONS



..JAMES FARLEY was born in COCA, COLO.

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG




The trouble with you, Harold, is that you sit around all day on your job! You're getting flabby! This time, when you go on vacation, try to get out on the tennis court!!
DROP INN
RESORT HOTEL
Hi, Roger! Hot enough for you?
What a corny cliche that is!
Hot enough for you, Roger-boy?
Another one!! You'd think that, after all these years, they'd dream up a cleverer passing remark about the heat!
Hello, Mr. Kaputnick!
Er—uh—H-hello, Miss Lovejoy . . .
Er—ah— Hot enough for you?
It's not the heat—it's the humidity!
Whatever it is, let's go for a drive in the car! The breeze will cool us off!
Get out on the highway where we can really open 'er up!
COME TO
HOTEL IDLEHOUR
FOR A CHANGE AND A REST
THE BELLBOY GETS THE CHANGE AND THE HOTEL GETS THE REST.
**LESLIE UGGAMS was born in ZINGALUNGWIT, MICH.





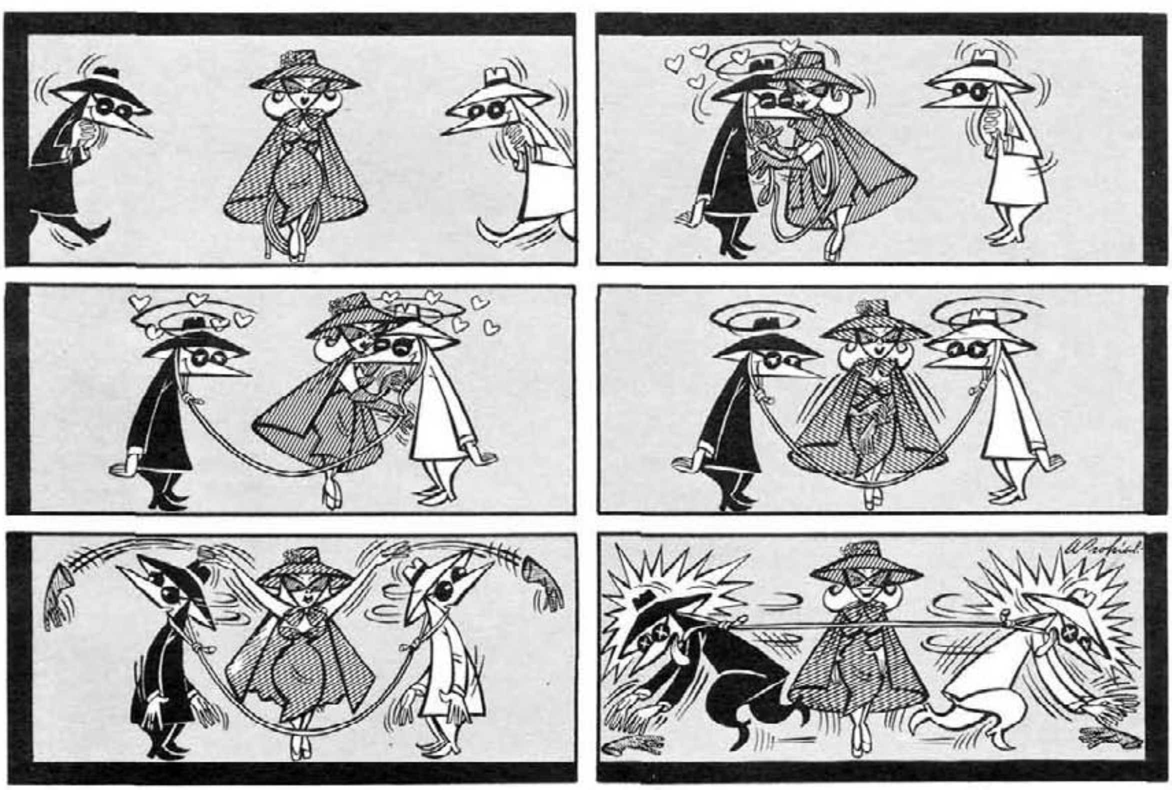
**NELSON ROCKEFELLER was born in WAITE, N.C.





And now, Antonio Prohias introduces a new "twist" to that friendly rivalry between the man in black and the man in white . . . mainly, a woman in gray!





GEN. MARK CLARK was born in CITAH, DEL.

WHO'S COVERING UP? DEPT.

The producers of packaged goods have come a long way since the days of the cracker barrel. They have learned a lot about what makes the average shopper pass up one box and grab for another, and they have discovered many ingenious methods for selling you less while charging you more. In other words, today,the producers of packaged goods are using some pretty sneaky dodges to "take" you —the buying public. Now, MAD throws a revealing light on packaging history, on what's happening lately, and what schemes are afoot for the future ... in this comprehensive survey of ...

THE SUBTLE SCIENCE OF PACKAGING

In Grandmother's day, neither the manufacturer of consumer products, nor the storekeeper who sold them gave much thought to the packages.



Many items were not even packaged at all, but were dipped, shoveled, or doled out by hand from barrels, bags, boxes, bins, and like that.



And when it came to "Brand Names," Grandma could always rely upon her friendly neighborhood merchant to advise her from his own experience.



Today, however, the friendly merchant has been replaced by the huge, impersonal supermarket, where the only advice a shopper receives is:



Today's supermarket shopper zooms up crowded aisles piled high with hundreds of competing products—and has to choose from among them.



And so, in order to sell their wares, manufacturers now know that it isn't enough to merely put their products on the shelves...they know they've got to catch the eye of the shopper!



Thus was born a new species in Industry's growing menagerie of experts—the Package Designer!



For years, these fellows had been assigned lowly tasks like drawing dotted lines along which to tear, or figuring out how big to make the window in a box of macaroni.



But practically overnight, they moved from the Bullpen to the Executive Suite as the Packaging Revolution got into full swing!



**MEL ALLEN was born in HITZRUNZAN, ARIZ.

THE NEW SECRET

It figured that if people were too lazy to open bottles, and preferred to squeeze . . . they would prefer having the squeezing done for them even more. Thus . . . the Spray Can!



The manufacturers have made a mint with this little item—because half the contents of a spray can is plain old AIR!



The user never knows how much goo is left until just before a heavy date, when he presses the trusty ol' button —and gets nothing but an empty sigh.



ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

MECHANICAL PACKAGES

We all love those handy little tubes of stuff that pop up to do their work with a twist of the knob—and their manufacturers love them, too, because most of the space inside the tube is taken up with inexpensive machinery.



"INDIVIDUALLY-WRAPPED-FOR-FLAVOR-AND-FRESHNESS" PACKAGES

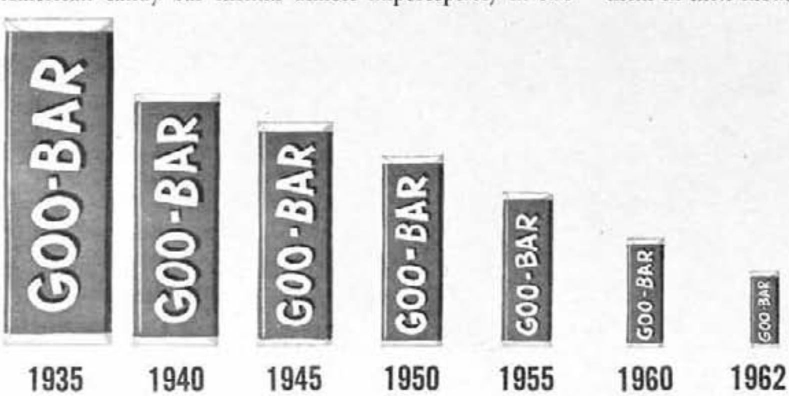
Doesn't it make you happy to see your cookies all snug in their own little wrappers sealed in outer wrappers which are in turn covered by an all-over liner-wrapper which is surrounded by a nice box?

Try saving all those wrappers some time! You'll find you're buying an awful lot of paper at cookie prices these days!



THE INCREDIBLE SHR

As if afflicted by some mysterious tropical disease, the American candy bar shrinks almost imperceptibly in size year by year. At this rate, people will soon be popping them in their mouths like pills, downing them in one gulp.





INGREDIENT—AIR!

Air is an important ingredient in "whipped" products, too, enabling the manufacturer of a "whipped" pound of butter to market a bigger lump of the stuff than his competitor.



You can see where this trend will lead. If one outfit can offer "36 more pats per lb.", than a competitor can offer "50 more pats" by whipping his margarine more—and so on.

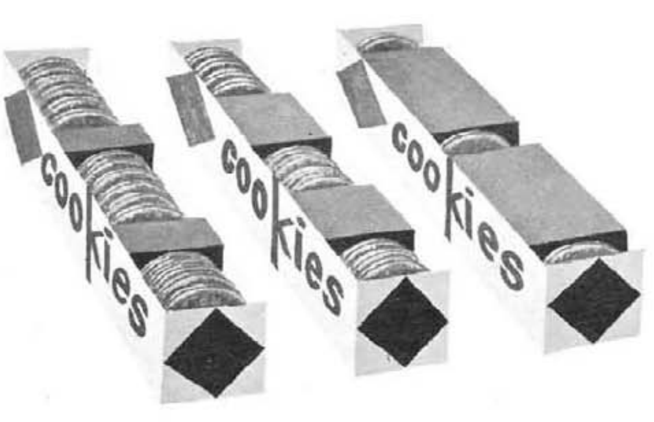


WRITER: DON REILLY

..JOE E. LEWIS was born in CUTTYS, ARK.

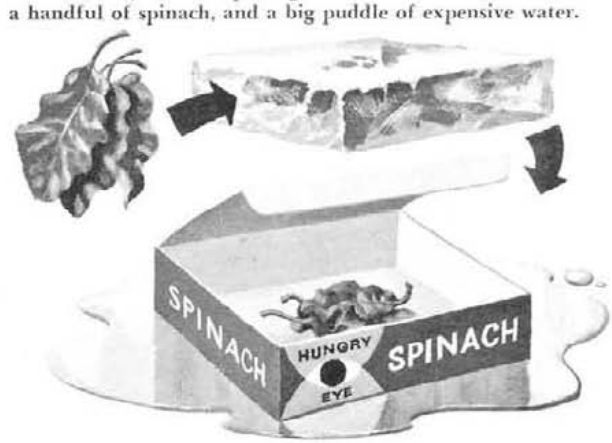
THE CONQUEST OF SPACE

For some reason evident only to themselves, cookie makers use those cardboard spacer gimmicks to make their packages seem larger. Not hard to see what this may lead to, hah?



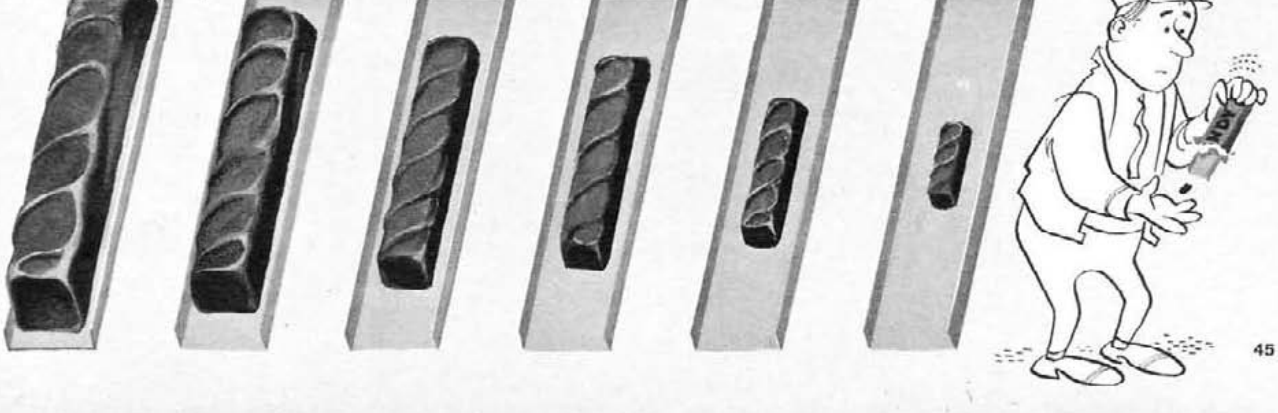
FROZEN NOTHING

The advent of frozen foods gave processors a new gimmick. A handful of limp, scraggly spinach is frozen in a block of ice to fill out the package. When it's thawed, there's a handful of spinach, and a big puddle of expensive water.



INKING CANDY BAR

One of the favorite camouflage devices now being used by candy magnates is the "tray package". This little gimmick enables the manufacturer to shrink the candy itself while maintaining the illusion of the same-sized outer wrapper.

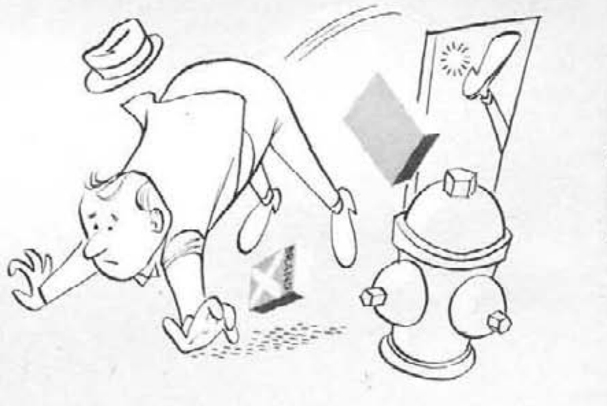


BIGGER-LOOKING

A packaging man at a big Breakfast Food Company, in a burst of enthusiasm over his new status, came up with the idea that they could overcome the competition by giving more cereal in a bigger box for the same money.



After they got rid of that nut, the company adopted half his idea: They put the same cereal in a bigger package!



**HENRY FORD was born in GAGOO, GA.

PACKAGES WITH UNUSUAL SHAPES

Another gimmick used to attract the attention of passing shoppers is the bottle or jar with the unusual shape.



This "shape" device worked well for a while, but as more and more products come out with funny-looking bottles and jars, things will get confusing.



And we can expect to see some rather startling sights in supermarkets in the coming months, as manufacturers struggle to "out-shape" competitors.



THE HANDY "TAKE-HOME" PACK

The principle behind this cunningly-devised package is that the cans or bottles are so tightly packed, you can't get one loose . . . so you've got to take all of them, or none!



The first "Handy-Take-Home's" contained six of something or another, but lately there have been "12-packs" appearing on the market. And there's no limit. The "Take-Home-Pack" may someday look something like this—



PACKAGE DESIGNS

Soon all the Cereal Companies were putting out boxes that were higher and wider—but shallower from front to rear!



In fact, cereal boxes are getting so high and so wide and so shallow, that we might soon see cereals in envelopes!



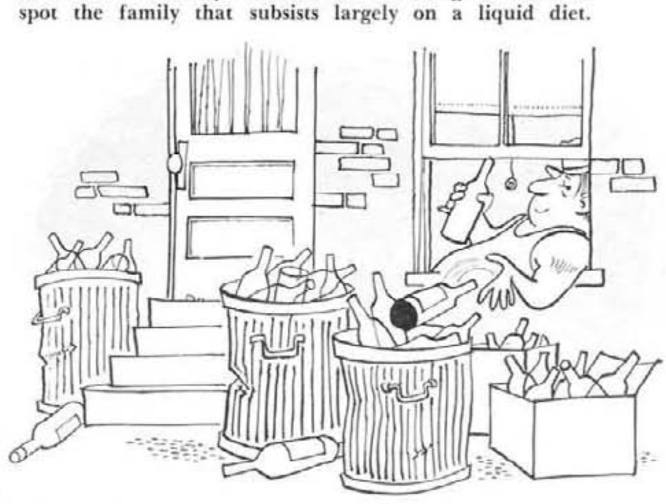
**BILLY GRAHAM was born in LUVTHIGH, NEBR.

DISPOSABLE PACKAGES

Then there's the "No-Deposit—No Return" school of packaging, which in close co-operation with the trash-hauling interests, tries to see to it that no child is emotionally scarred by the humiliating experience of having to cash in the Old Man's empty beer bottles to get lunch money.



Besides beer—milk, soft drinks and other beverages now come in "throw-away" containers . . . making it a cinch to spot the family that subsists largely on a liquid diet.



"SQUEEZE" AND "SQUIRT" PACKAGES

Packagers learned a long time ago that we are a nation of lid-losers and top-droppers, so they came up with the self-dispensing package.



Pretty soon the whole country was "poofing" and "puffing" to its heart's delight . . .



One trouble with squeeze containers is that they sometimes clog and develop lung trouble. Once squeezed, they stay squoze, unable to inhale enough air to become squeezable again. This phenomenon has accounted for a lot of unnecessary cursing in recent years.



FUTURE PACKAGING DESIGNS

The biggest thing on the horizon is the package with the built-in "psychological appeal". Packaging psychologists will seek to move merchandise by seeming to fulfill the conscious and unconscious needs of unsuspecting shoppers.

For example, the chubby matron who desperately wants to shed her excess weight will be a pushover for a diet mixture in a tall, slender package.



And what bachelor, facing a lonely evening, would have the strength to resist the appeal of a frozen TV dinner in a unique package like this?



Makers of anti-chapping lip pomades will win over men who are shy about applying it in public by disguising the containers to resemble a cigar.



The status-conscious suburbanite is sure to grab anything that has fins.



Even spinsters and lonely old widows will be unsuspecting victims of the "built-in-appeal" packaging strategy.



For
use t
seem

MAD

MEMO

FROM:
William M. Gaines
Publisher

To:
Albert B. Feldstein
Editor

Dear Al,
Just glanced through this article. Nice going! You actually filled up six pages with material that wasn't worth more than two pages at most!

That's what I call modern magazine packaging! Keep up the good work!

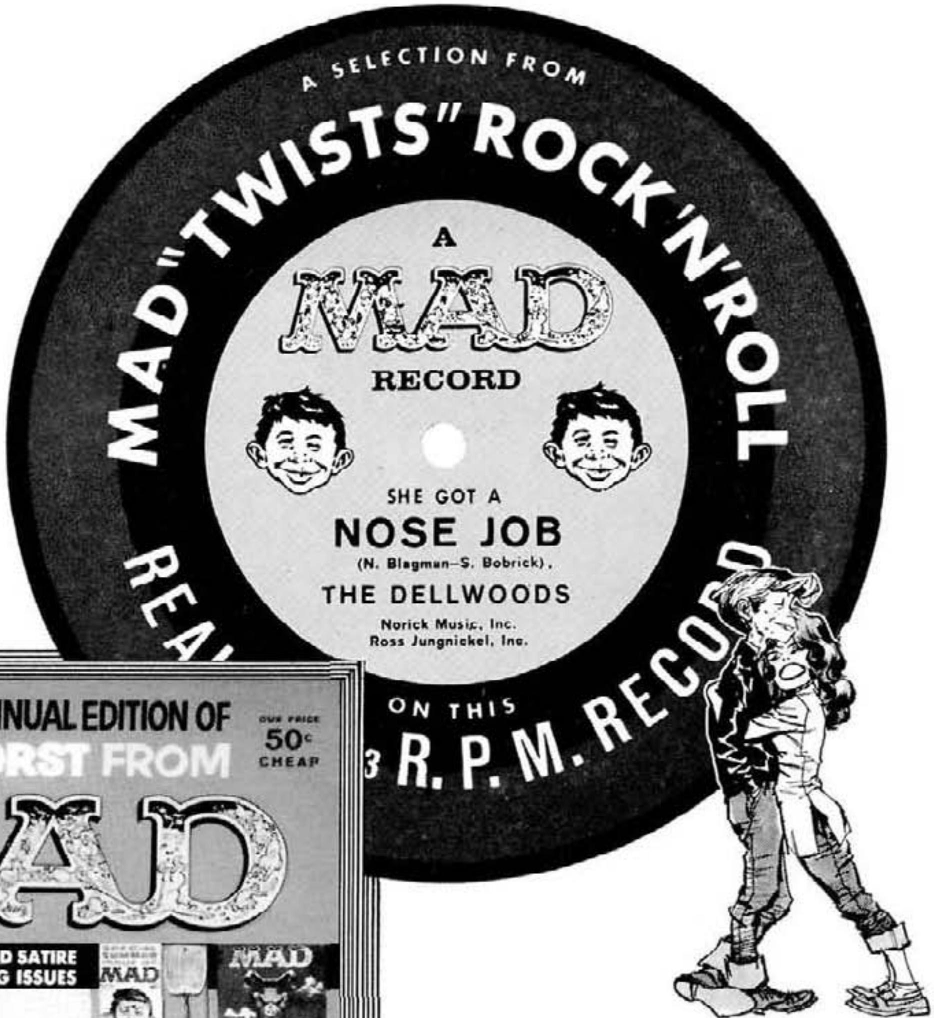
Bill

P.S. Be sure you remove this note before you send the article to the engravers.

WMG

MAD SETS A RECORD

YES!
WE'VE SET
AN IDIOTIC
FREE
RECORD
INTO THE
BINDING
OF EVERY
COPY OF
THE
LATEST
MAD
ANNUAL





After you hear it, you'll . . .

TWIST hysterically–
ROCK convulsively–
"N"
ROLL on the floor–

Mainly with laughter–when you read the 30-odd stories and articles that are even more idiotic than the record.

ON SALE NOW!

The Alfred E. Neuman "HEX" Sign



Once you look at it—if you do not buy it for your own—

YOU DIE!

(WELL, WE WARNED YOU NOT TO LOOK!)